Beatrix von Beyersdorf. - 95. -

WELLESLEY COLLEGE NEWS

MAGAZINE NUMBER

CONTENTS

GRADUATE DEPARTMENT

OUR FIRST TREE DAY	An Old Alumna	1
A NEW OPPORTUNITY FOR COLLEGE GIRLS	Helen R. Norton, 1905	4
THE NEW REUNION SCHEME		7
THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE AMHERST '85 PLAN	Frances Scudder Williams, '85	10
THE SOCIAL SIDE OF DENISON HOUSE	Berenice Van Slyke, 1913	15
THE OUTLET		16

UNDERGRADUATE DEPARTMENT

THE AGE OF PANDEMONIUM	Laura Mary Moench, 1914	18
STREET LAMPS (poem)	Edith Foley, 1915	20
THE SHIPWRECKED MAN	Ruth Coleman, 1915	21
THE TEST OF YOUTH	Marjorie R. Peck, 1914	22
"THE DINKY BIRD"	Charlotte Mary Conover, 1914	27
POEM		27

VOL. XXI JUNE No. 32

STUDENTS

Who intend to adopt Piano Teaching as a profession, should read

PIANO TEACHING

Its Principles and Problems

By Clarence G. Hamilton, A. M.

During the Summer months.

It will give a good insight into the business side of piano teaching so necessary to success.

Price, postpaid, $1.25

Oliver Ditson Company,

150 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

Also For Sale at the College Bookstore

Gifts for Every Occasion

:: :: :: at :: :: ::

STOWELL'S

Diamonds and Pearls
Gold and Silver Watches
14 kt. Gold Jewelry
Abalone Pearl Jewelry
Chafing Dish Accessories
Choice Imported China
Sterling Silverware
Cut Glass
Clocks and Bronzes
Leather Goods
Umbrellas
Metal Novelties

We make a specialty of Class Pins
Designs and estimates furnished upon request

A. Stowell & Co. Inc.

24 Winter Street, Boston
Jewellers for 90 Years

Chandler & Co.

151 Tremont St., Boston

White Dresses

For Graduation and Class Day

At $25.00—Dresses of shadow lace, crepe, voile, embroidery, batiste and Pt. d'Esprit.

At $18.50—Dresses of Pt. d'Esprit, net, lace and batiste.

At $15.00—Dresses of voile, net, lace, embroidery and batiste.

Kuyler's

REFRESHING
ICE-CREAM SODAS
COLLEGE ICES

AND

Beverly Chocolates

The most delicious Chocolates ever produced.

146 TREMONT STREET
414 BOYLSTON STREET
AMES BLDG., COURT STREET

TIFFANY & CO.

JEWELRY, WATCHES, RINGS, FOBS, EMBLEM PINS, TROPHIES, SILVER CUPS, NOTE PAPERS WITH MONOGRAMS IN COLOR, INVITATIONS TO COMMENCEMENT AND CLASS-DAY EXERCISES MENUS, AND DIES FOR STAMPING CORPORATE AND FRATERNITY SEALS

PURCHASES CAN BE MADE OF TIFFANY & CO. EITHER IN PERSON OR BY MAIL

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

Jordan Marsh Company

Headquarters for Graduation and Class Day Gowns and the Smart Accessories

Well Worth the College Girl's Consideration are:—

Voile gowns in simple model, with round neck, Madeira yoke and short sleeves. Skirts trimmed with tucks and lace insertion.....**$12.50.**

Other white gowns.....**$7.50 to $50.00.**

Also the smart Top Coats of Worumbo Chinchilla in white and colors, featuring raglan sleeves, patch pockets and the set in all round belts, **$25.00.**

Blazers and Sport Coats.....**$10.00 to $25.00.**

And Princess Slips to be worn under white dresses. All colors and white, in cotton and silk and the new Crepe de Chines and Nets, **$1.95 to $7.50.**

It won't leak

$2.50
$3.50
AND UP

MOORE'S
NON-LEAKABLE
FOUNTAIN PEN

There's some satisfaction in taking notes when you can get a lecture practically verbatim. With a Moore pen not a second is lost, it never hesitates or requires an instant's attention.

It writes when it should, instantly, always; requires no shaking. But you can't get a single drop out of it when the ink should stay inside.

IT WON'T LEAK. The construction positively forbids. Carry it upside down or any way you please. IT WON'T LEAK, because it can't. No possibility of inky fingers, ink-stained pockets and clothes. Let your dealer show it to you. Your own eye-sight will convince you at a glance that Moore's is the pen that you should have.

Prices $2.50 up. Moore's Midget, 3-1/2″ long, $2.50.

AMERICAN FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY

ADAMS, CUSHING & FOSTER, *Selling Agents*

168 DEVONSHIRE STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

FOR SALE AT THE WELLESLEY COLLEGE BOOKSTORE

The Women's Educational and Industrial Union

Makes a specialty of finding business positions for genuinely able women who do not wish to teach.

For fuller details address Miss Florence Jackson

APPOINTMENT BUREAU,

264 BOYLSTON STREET, - - - BOSTON.

COMMENCEMENT GIFTS

FANCY AND PLAIN

BRASS DESK FITTINGS

DESK PADS,

Inks, Hand Blotters, Stamp Boxes, Letter Openers, Paper Racks, Calendars, etc., etc.
Parisian Ivory Picture Frames, Tourist Tablets, Pocketbooks, Bags, etc.
We make a specialty of Fine Engraved Invitations, Visiting Cards, Programs, Menus, Monogram Stationery, etc.

WARD'S, SAMUEL WARD COMPANY, 57-63 Franklin Street, Boston.

Bailey, Banks & Biddle Co.

Diamond Merchants, Jewelers, Silversmiths, Stationers.

MAKERS OF CLASS AND SOCIETY EMBLEMS, BAR PINS AND OTHER NOVELTIES FOR

WELLESLEY COLLEGE

COLLEGE and SCHOOL EMBLEMS and NOVELTIES

Illustrations and Prices of Class and Fraternity Emblems, Seals, Charms, Plaques, Medals, Souvenir Spoons, etc., mailed upon request. All Emblems are executed in the workshops on the premises, and are of the highest grade of finish and quality.

CLASS RINGS

Particular attention given to the designing and manufacture of Class Rings.

1218-20-22 CHESTNUT STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

Abbot Academy

Andover, Massachusetts

FOUNDED 1828

A SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

23 miles from Boston

Ranked among the best preparatory schools by the leading colleges for women. Strong general course offering advanced work for girls who do not desire a college course. Experienced teachers. Thorough equipment. Long record of successful work.

Miss BERTHA BAILEY, Principal

Please Mention the Wellesley College News.

L. P. Hollander & Co.

Boston New York

:: :: :: YOU WILL FIND :: :: ::

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Silk Shirts

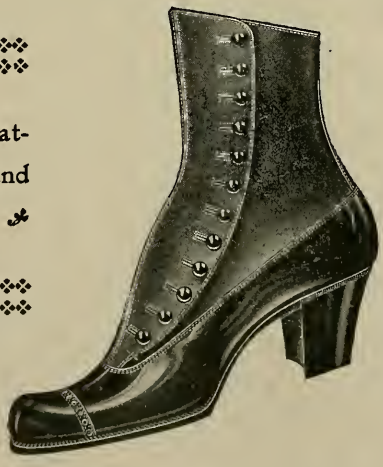
Made on the same lines and with all the style and character of our men's shirts

At $6.00 Each

IN OUR MEN'S FURNISHING DEPARTMENT

SOROSIS SHOES

In all the latest styles and materials.



SOROSIS SHOE CO.,

176 Boylston St., cor. Park Square,
BOSTON, MASS.

Miss Ruth Hodgkins

Wellesley Toilet
Parlors .·. ·.· .·.

Shampooing, Facial Treatment,
Scalp Treatment, Manicuring,
Hair Dressing, Chiropody . .

Taylor Block, Rooms 4-5-6
OVER BANK, WELLESLEY
Telephone 122-W

Open from 8.30, A. M. to 6, P. M. Mondays until 8, P. M.

COLD STORAGE
FOR
:: FURS ::
MODERATE RATES

Edw. F. Kakas & Sons,
364 Boylston Street,
BOSTON

C. F. HOVEY & CO.

GLOVES FOR SUMMER

2-Clasp Silk Gloves, in black, white and gray. At.....50c

2-Clasp Milanese Silk Gloves, in black, white and color. At....75c and $1.00

16-Button Milanese Silk Gloves, in black, white and colors. At..$1, $1.50, $2.00

1-Clasp Washable Doe, in white and natural. Special, at per pair.....79c

Christie

Ladies' Hatter

We make a specialty of Hats attractive to Wellesley Students

160 Tremont Street, - Boston

Over Moseley's Shoe Store.

Filene's

Colonial Pumps

Are the Smart
Spring Footwear

Slashed and draped skirts mean more attention given to footwear than ever before.

The Colonial Pump is just dressy enough to be suitable with afternoon gowns and yet smart enough for street wear.

Filene Colonials are cut with new, long vamp which makes them fit snug and trig at the ankle.

Spanish heels are another smart feature. Cut steel or leather covered buckles. Patent leather or dull kid, black or Russia calf.

A particularly comprehensive showing of these Colonial Pumps at $5.00.

William Filene's Sons Co.

Shoe Specialists

Boston

T. E. MOSELEY & CO.

COLLEGE SHOES

In all shapes and materials.

Walking Shoes a specialty, in tan or black.

$4.00, $5.00, $6.00

10% Cash Discount to Faculty and Students

160 Tremont St., - - Boston

SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW CO.,

147 TREMONT STREET.

JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS

Diamonds, Gems, Fine Stationery, Card Engraving

Programs and Invitations
Both Printed and Engraved

CLASS DAY PROGRAMS A SPECIALTY

Class Pins Designed and Manufactured to Order
Fine Jewelry Repairing

Parasols and Umbrellas Made to Order, Recovered and Repaired

The Wellesley College News

Entered at the Post Office in Wellesley, Mass., as second-class matter.

VOL. XXI. WELLESLEY, JUNE 5, 1913. No. 32

GRADUATE DEPARTMENT.

THE FIRST TREE DAY.

In the bright calendar of our festival days, there is none dearer to the Wellesley heart than Tree Day. It is our own. We have taken but the hint of it from general collegiate usage. In its leading features it is distinctively ours,—ours, too, as a direct heritage from the eager, poetic imagination of the founder of the college. How clearly stands out in memory a certain springtide evening, in the year '77, the fragrance of the early season stealing in through the open windows,—for we had evening chapel then,—when Mr. Durant, who had conducted the service, asked the Sophomores and Freshmen to remain after the others were dismissed!

Those "others!" Seniors? Not even the tradition of a Senior. Juniors? When the college was opened in '75, there had been three or four students of advanced standing, timid aspirants for a '78 degree, but the Freshmen, a score of irrepressibles, the historic '79's who treated their eldest sister at the outset to a genuine, old-fashioned, iniquitous hazing, made their after lives so sore a burden that, upon the spring evening in question, not one of those might-have-been Juniors was left to tell the tale. These "others" who filled in the rear and middle of the chapel as well as both divisions of side seats, were known to the early Wellesley world as Preps.

So the Preps, burning with vain curiosity, retreated, and the Faculty, a little band, but "true and tried," who had then the whole long gallery, uninvaded by either specials or organ, at their disposal, withdrew also, with smiling backward glances. The chapel had not yet been frescoed, and at the morning service the sunshine reflected from the bare, white walls was often dazzling. But in this evening hour, the twilight, softening into tender beauty the colors of the Claflin window, fell gratefully upon eyes tired then, as eyes grow tired now, with too much poring over the printed page.

But before us was the erect figure, the vivid face of him who never suffered our college days to droop into dull routine. Hardly a week could pass, but some new enthusiasm, some fresh inspiration flashed from those eloquent eyes.

Lowering his voice confidentially and leaning forward over the desk, Mr. Durant told his group of ready listeners that he wished us to inaugurate a Wellesley Tree Day. The boys, he said, planted an ivy just as they were bidding farewell to Alma Mater. How much better for the Wellesley girls, while still Freshmen, to plant a tree, whose growth they could watch, as it watched theirs, all through the four college years,—a tree in which, on every future visit, they would recognize a long-acquainted friend! We must lose no time about it. He had the arrangements all made. This first year the Sophomores and Freshmen were to plant their trees on the same afternoon, right before the college, one over against the library, (O scholastic '79!) and one over against the dining-room, (poor mundane '80!) Mr.

Hunnewell had given him two beautiful exotics for us. He would ask the Faculty to grant us a holiday. We were to have ceremonies for the occasion,—music, poems, addresses,—and we must not take more than a week or two to get them ready. Now the Sophomores would better go down into the library and plan their program at once, while the Freshmen stayed in the chapel to plan theirs, and the exercises of both Sophomores and Freshmen must be the best.

So Mr. Durant, following up with a mischievous glance this last paradoxical direction, retired amid a storm of clapping, leaving us somewhat breathless, but aglow with sympathetic energy.

And energy we needed, for as yet we scarcely had existence as individual classes. '79, to be sure, had organized after her own erratic fashion in the preceding year, but she did not frame a constitution, only by-laws, and these—at least it was so rumored in the ranks of '80—she had ignominiously lost. As for the Freshmen, they had nothing to lose, but the class grew with a rapidity never emulated by its tree. Before Mr. Durant's early date sped around, committees had been appointed, a constitution drawn up, submitted to the Faculty, reproved, improved, approved, officers chosen, Tree Day parts assigned, prepared, and only one thing forgotten, but that the last which a modern class could forget—costume. In the annals of '80 it stands written:

"Class '80 was engaged in forming, in this instance, a sort of aimless running hither and thither, calling for absent girls, and struggling desperately to make a straight line out of the rest,—when a report reached them that the Sophomores, who were doing the same thing, though, of course, in a different manner, in the room opposite, had a banner with a strange device, and streamers and things. 'Oh dear, and we must meekly walk out behind them with our plain and unpretentious clothes,' sighed they. 'Why didn't we attempt the ornamental? What are brains beside those little caps, and solid worth in comparison with those bewitchingly airy streamers?' Pang number one —this amazing difference in externals. They gathered near the Sophomorical tree, and found out (pang number two) that 79 had printed programs; their own were only Freshman handwriting, possessing no outward beauty. Again they held on to their fluttering hearts, and were only consoled when they perceived that the stylish programs, like Ole Massa's coat, 'wouldn't go half way round.'"

The Mistress of the World did not scorn to look back upon the little Rome over whose walls a saucy young Remus could vault, and the later Tree Days will not be too proud to recognize their origin in this earliest Wellesley Tree Day. Then it was that the venerated spade made its first appearance. We had confidently expected a trowel, had written indeed "Apostrophe to the Trowel" on our programs, and our apostrophist, (do not see the dictionary), a girl of about the same height as the spade, but by no means, as she modestly suggested, of the same mental capacity, was so stricken with astonishment when she had mounted the rostrum and this burly instrument was propped up before her, that she nearly forget her speech. Then it was that the ancient and honorable custom of crowning the day of glory with an ice-cream supper was inaugurated, although the afternoon was raw and chilly and the ground so damp that the Preps were constantly on the run providing shawls for the Faculty's shivering shoulders or rifling the reading-room of newspapers to spread beneath the pedagogical feet. And then it was there was introduced the more questionable practice of planting class trees too delicate to bear the college course. Although a foolish little bird built her nest and laid her eggs in the golden-leaved evergreen of '79, and although a much handsomer nest with a very much larger egg appeared immediately in the Retinospora Precipera Aurea of '80, yet the rival "nymphs with golden hair" were both soon forced to forsake their withered tenements, Mr. Hunnewell's exotics, after another trial or two, being succeeded by plebeian hemlocks.

There has been no break in the succession of Tree Days since those primitive rites of '77. In '78 the three college classes held exercises about their respective trees, and in '79 and '80 the four. But the patience of an audience has its limits, and the Juniors and Sophomores of later date have magnanimously decided to be seen and not heard on Tree Day, save that the

Juniors claim a few moments for the planting of their ivy, and a Sophomore mounts the Freshman rostrum to deliver over the spade.

It is a matter of curious interest to watch the evolution of our Wellesley Tree Day. Notwithstanding these later campus festivities upon which, year by year, the massive front of the college has gazed solemnly down, it is still difficult to prophesy what will be the final form and significance of the day. Of the two distinct characters, which struggle to express themselves in it, one may expel the other, or the two, in the future as in the past, may be content to blend in a somewhat inharmonious union.

We have dropped our Wellesley Class Day, with the result that much of the tone and manner appropriate to such an occasion finds its only outlet on Tree Day. For the class spirit, though a guardian angel to her own, even in Wellesley carries a chip on her white shoulder, and the badinage between classes, the whiz and whir of those well-worn, but ever dazzling arrows of undergraduate wit, doubtless belong to the eternal fitness or fightness—of things. The intellectual banquet which the college offers is probably relished all the better for those side dishes of class sauce.

But for a' that and a' that, we should be sorry to see our Wellesley Tree Day so mastered by this mocking tendency, this jesting, teasing habit,—yes, even by the graver influence, the sermonizing temptation which every year besets the Senior mind,—as to lose its peculiar opportunity of ministering to the sense of grace and beauty. The suggestions of the day are in themselves poetic. This closing of books for outdoor revel in a (June) sunshine, this drawing close to the heart of nature in the selection of one of her sylvan children—to wear now the honors of the class whose memory it shall in after years keep green, this half unconscious recognition of the deep mute sympathy between the human life and its "promise and potency" in tree and flower,—are we not all dimly aware, even in the wildest fun and frolic of the time, that we are treading the borderland of dreams?

Year by year the voices lifted on our campus help us, in greater or less degree, to realize this dreamland, to enter into union with the brooding soul of nature; and yet the oral expression has hardly kept pace with the visible. Wit and wisdom, rather than the beauty thought, have perhaps too often presided over the Tree Day inkstand. But the costumes grow yearly more exquisite, the symbolism of color and form is more closely heeded, the dramatic element—although still failing to permeate the body of a class, so that, while all may be attired like queens or peasant maids, but few maintain their parts throughout in mien and gesture,—is slowly gaining ground, and more and more the scene is tending toward a fair and graceful pageant, with music, dance and song,—a service sacred to the joy and truth of nature.

Yet it is a question for the future to answer whether the class-day character, which still rules the rostrum, or the poetic instinct, which so magically transforms our over-busy, over-anxious Wellesley girls into harmoniously-blending groups of flower-maidens and glittering ranks of Amazons, is to carry the day. It may certainly be said this year that, what with the Masque of the Dryads, whose woodland life was so sensitively interpreted in the rhythmic words of the Spirit of the tulip tree, and what with the bewitching dance of the clover-crowned English lasses about their rainbow-ribboned Maypole, the Tree Day of '89 has delighted the sense of beauty beyond any Tree Day of the past.

AN OLD ALUMNA.

(Written in 1889.)

A NEW OPPORTUNITY FOR COLLEGE GIRLS.

The term "vócational training," familiar to all who are concerned with education, has in recent years assumed a new and larger significance, though the idea expressed in the words is far from modern. Broadly speaking, doctors, lawyers and ministers have always been especially educated for their calling; the training of teachers and nurses seems to the present generation as natural as it is necessary; the apprenticeship of young persons to artisans skilled in certain trades, is an industrial educational system centuries old.

Thus it has long been recognized that success is not to be expected in certain lines of work without systematic training involving expenditure of time, thought, strength, money. Some of us never need a lawyer or a doctor, most of us are unconscious of any personal obligation to carpenter, plumber or mason, but who of us is not keenly alive to the daily traffic in merchandise? Whether the dollars which we go forth to spend are acquired by our own toil or by another person's for us, we desire an honest and satisfactory equivalent in goods, and we are disappointed and resentful if our transactions result otherwise. The great public is not over-intelligent regarding its material needs, as anyone knows who surveys the furnishing of the average house, or who observes with the eye of reason, the daily procession in the street. It is safe to say that the average consumer needs skilled help in the spending of his money.

When, in 1905, the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston started a class for the training of saleswomen, with eight young girls as pioneers, the immediate aim was to help the workers rather than the public, though it was obvious that such an educational movement would react with benefit to the consumer. The wages of department store employees were hazardously low, but in many cases, the girls were paid all that their services were worth. The solution of the living wage problem was believed to be,—education. Thus began an experiment destined in a very few years to prove that training for retail selling is as desirable and requisite as training for any other line of work. Under the able and far-sighted direction of Mrs. Prince, a former Wellesley student, the school has developed quite beyond the experimental stage. It is now known as the Union School of Salesmanship, an established department of the institution in which it originated eight years ago, and a valued training center for the employees of certain co-operating department stores. The pupils are saleswomen holding regular positions in the stores affiliated with the union in this educational work. Compared with other schools, the time in the class-room is short,—8.30 to 11.30, five mornings a week for a term twelve weeks in length,—but it is a generous allowance for a part-time school which the pupils attend without loss of wages.

The first question of the interested, and usually puzzled, visitor is; "What do you teach in a Salesmanship School?" A brief explanation of the subjects taught in the Union School will help to clear this mystery. Naturally, salesmanship holds an important place in the course. This is studied through (1) informal discussions of daily problems arising in the store work; (2) carefully developed lessons on special topics, such as "Care of Stock," "Approaching a Customer," "Service to Customer," (3) demonstration sales, in which a member of the class sells merchandise to a customer who plans to test the saleswoman on important points in store system, knowledge of stock and personal service; the sales being followed by critical class discussion; (4) lectures from store officials who explain the work of various departments and show the relation of the saleswoman to the different activities of the store.

Textiles is chosen as the special merchandise subject because in most of the departments of a large store, either "yard goods," or articles made of cloth, are sold. This study not only enables the pupils to help customers in the selection of reliable material, but is of value to them in their personal expenditure for clothing. Other lines of merchandise are taught if practicable, whenever there is a special need for them. In the present class, a girl who is selling framed pictures and who will be allowed to sell the highest-priced merchandise as soon as she understands it, receives individual instruction in the names,

schools, countries and principal works of famous artists. She will be taught also the fundamental principles by which works of art are judged.

The aim of the course in color and design is to cultivate color sense, and to develop good taste in dress and furnishings. The selling of goods provides ample opportunity for the application of the principles of color and design. Customers who choose unbecoming or inappropriate colors on impulse, may usually be tactfully influenced to a better selection. One of the pupils related her experience in persuading a customer to take an evening coat in a different color because the one first selected "clashed with the lady's complexion." Ability to recognize and place color tones is of great value in matching colors for costume combinations, trimmings, embroidery work, and in connection with numerous other feminine contrivances for putting colors together. In teaching design, the principles of suitability and common sense in decoration are emphasized. There is much discussion of sofa pillows which are kept as ornaments and never used, of match-safes representing Satan and hell-fire, of rugs with pictoral "homelike" designs of cats and dogs. The gradual change in taste and attitude is most interesting.

Arithmetic is taught with the same close application to the store problems. There is much drill in simple addition. To show the need of this, it should be explained that each salesperson in a store is required to add a "tally sheet" at the end of each day. This is a column of figures representing the sales made in the course of the day. A store official recently stated that "a correctly added tally sheet is never received." Simple multiplication, and fractions and percentage as met in store practice, are included in the course. One period a week is devoted to study of the sales check in its varying forms.

In order to impress the fact that a regard for the laws of health is a part of business honesty, a course in personal hygiene is given. The most important lessons are taught by a woman physician who sees the working girl's point of view, understands her peculiar problems and is able to make clear her personal responsibility to her employer. Gratifying results of this teaching are seen at once. The girls become interested in hygienic dressing. They look at the important question of diet from the professional point of view and realize that a personal whim is not inevitably a rational or safe guide in the selection of food. Many senseless little notions are dissipated and good habits formed as the girls develop a sane and intelligent attitude toward themselves and their work. A systematic course in physical education under the direction of Miss Lucille Eaton Hill, contributes much toward this end.

While the course of study is planned to meet the practical, working needs of the pupils, all the subjects are treated broadly and much that is cultural is brought in by the way. There is no definite course in English, yet through careful correction of note-books, progress is made in written expression and there is frequent discussion of oral expression in connection with class recitations. The value of good, discriminating English is constantly emphasized. A series of stimulating lessons in the elements of economics gives the girls some comprehension of the relation of capital to wages, of the distinction between a real and a nominal wage, of the proper balancing of income and expenditure and of the legitimate satisfaction of material and cultural needs. To make the class further alive to current problems of vital importance to working women, lectures are given upon a great variety of subjects, as, for example, "The Minimum Wage," "The Trades Union Movement," "Woman's Suffrage" and the "Consumers' League." These talks are always received with keen interest, for labor rises promptly to the issues suggested by such topics.

No young woman can take this twelve weeks' course without having her views on many subjects considerably modified. A new thoughtfulness is first noticed, a new interest in the familiar duties, which invariably results in increased efficiency. After two or three weeks at the school, the pupils sell as much in the afternoon as their untrained co-workers do in the entire day. A floor manager, commenting on the good work done by one of the pupils, remarked, "When Miss F. was out one day, I had to put four girls at the counter to take her place." The girls who have had the training do their work better be-

cause their minds have been awakened to its possibilities; it means more to them, as they repeatedly tell the teachers, and so they put more into it. The public is beginning to notice the intelligent and courteous service which education is bringing about. A Wellesley graduate, returning to Boston after several years' absence, was conscious of a different atmosphere in the stores, a changed attitude on the part of the salespeople toward their customers. "They make me feel that I am really of some importance," she said. The trained saleswoman knows that every customer is exceedingly important and is entitled to the best possible service. The girls value the training for the personal benefit which they receive from it; the public values it because it makes the hard job of shopping easier; the merchants endorse it because it means greater profits for the business. The approval of the business men is not simply a matter of oral testimony; it is conclusively proved by the fact that the wages of the graduates of the Union School are steadily increasing. Out of a total of one hundred ninety-five graduates interviewed last December, one hundred forty-five had received a raise within a year. Thirty-four of these had been advanced two dollars a week, eighteen had been advanced three dollars a week, six had received a weekly raise of four dollars. These amounts mean a yearly increase of one hundred and four, one hundred and fifty-six, and two hundred and eight dollars respectively. Fourteen held executive positions with wages ranging from nine to twenty-five dollars a week.

The professional opportunities in this new field may be of interest. Positions are of three kinds,—in department stores, in high schools, in continuation schools. The educational director in a department store instructs and supervises new employees, conducts classes to stimulate, and make more efficient the older employees, and co-operates with buyers, floor managers and members of the firm in the promotion of the business through education. She is so placed as to exert far-reaching influence over a great number of people, for a department store force is a small city in itself with a well-developed corporate sense.

In the near future, salesmanship will undoubtedly be introduced into the high school curriculum of most of our large cities. It is already established in Boston, Buffalo and Cincinnati, and other cities are about to offer it as an elective. Many of our young people earn their first wages as department store employees and the pay is usually relatively small for the time and energy expended, because the boys and girls have had no preparation for the work they are called upon to do. High school students have studied dressmaking, millinery, bookkeeping and stenography for some time; they may now study salesmanship.

At the moment, continuation schools in Massachusetts may be regarded as guests of the educational system, but if Senate Bill No. 132, providing for the "establishment and maintenance of continuation schools and courses of instruction for the education of young persons between fourteen and sixteen years of age who are regularly employed," becomes law, these schools may be a vivid reality in September. If the bill passes, and public sentiment is much in favor of it, hundreds of boys and girls will be eligible for part-time schooling as soon as the special schools are established for employers will be compelled to excuse them from duty for "not less than four hours per week" for the purpose of "continuing" their education. The continuation school has many advantages over the evening school, for there is less variation in the age and educational background of the pupils, and the classes are usually held in the morning, when the pupils and teachers are fresh.

While each of the three classes of positions described, offers extremely interesting possibilities, the continuation school perhaps presents the greatest social opportunity.

Through its normal course, the Union School of Salesmanship trains teachers for public school or store positions. Seven graduates of this course hold the position of educational director in a store, four teach in continuation schools, three in high schools, one has a responsible executive position in a factory. Five of the fifteen referred to are graduates of Wellesley.

There is no doubt that a college graduate who takes up this important work with zeal for social service will be able to do

much good in the store or school in which she may be placed. But what are the returns for her? On the intellectual side, much is gained, for she almost unconsciously acquires a surprising amount of general knowledge. The problems of business management are matters of necessitous daily study; labor laws, as well as other forms of legislation must be understood; the newspapers must be carefully read for the effect of recent events upon trade. A teacher of salesmanship must know a great deal about the merchandise offered for sale,—a vast subject, since its geographical limits reach to the ends of the earth. But the richest returns in this, as in all work, come in terms of human values. A young woman who takes upon herself the guidance, encouragement, teaching of the rank and file of the working classes will soon realize that her eyes are being opened to life. She will be constantly impressed with the cheerful heroism of these people whose lives seem suddenly so full of interest. A girl of sixteen voluntarily sacrifices her ambition of graduating from high school and going on to normal school to become a teacher, because she thinks her widowed mother should not be burdened with her support for so many years. So she drops out after two years in the high school and takes a position as stock girl at five dollars a week. Miss A., twenty-three years old, earns seven dollars and fifty cents a week selling shirt-waists; her mother is employed in a bakery from early morning until late afternoon; when both get home at night, they care for the invalid father and do the housework. A frail little girl who denied herself schooling after the seventh grade, began her industrial career as an errand girl at two dollars and fifty cents a week in the hope of making more possible the privilege of education for the eight younger children. All classes of people have problems and struggles, but it is the uncomplaining attitude of these toilers, their prompt acceptance of duty, their smiling fortitude in adversity, which commands respect, admiration and such a flow of human sympathy as many a college girl has never experienced. As a fellow-worker, it is a privilege to try to open new vistas for these courageous breadwinners.

HELEN R. NORTON, 1905.

THE NEW REUNION SCHEME.

There was much question on the part of the Alumnæ at commencement time in June, 1912, in regard to the new reunion scheme which was placed before the Alumnæ at their Association meeting. Since to many the idea seemed difficult of clear comprehension, we publish the following: First, the report as given at the Alumnæ meeting; second, an exposition of the scheme given by Miss Marion Metcalf, '80, Chairman of the Committee, and the Dix Reunion Scheme, upon which this plan is based.

REUNION SCHEME.

It is proposed that beginning with 1915 and at intervals of five years thereafter the classes which have passed the twenty-fifth reunion hold their reunions in groups of five upon the reunion years of the College, viz: 1915, 1920, 1925, etc.

By this scheme the classes holding reunions in 1915 would be the following:

'79	'84
'80	'85
—	—
'81	'86
'82	'87
'83	'88

In 1920 a third group would be added:

'79	'84	'89
'80	'85	'90
—	—	—
'81	'86	'91
'82	'87	'92
'83	'88	'93

According to this method there would be an irregular interval between the twenty-fifth and the next following reunion for all classes except '80, '85, '90, etc.

For the first class of the group, '79, '84, '89, etc., this interval would be six years,

for the third, fourth and fifth classes of the group, '81, '82, '83, etc., four, three and two years, respectively.

EDITH S. TUFTS,
For the Committee.

I am very glad to explain, as well as I can, the thought in my mind when I introduced the plan you ask about. I am of the class of 1880, and have missed only one of our five-year reunions since graduation, but have not been back at Wellesley at any other times, since I left it in June, 1890. Each time, I have wished I could meet the friends of '79, '81, '82, some of whom I have never seen since their graduation, and I often expressed the wish that our reunions could be held in the same year. In June, 1910, I talked it over with some of the older Alumnæ, and was particularly encouraged as to the feasibility of such a plan for the older classes, by Miss Pendleton, then Dean of the College, and Miss Tufts, the Registrar. Accordingly the motion was made in the annual meeting that year, about as follows, if my memory serves me: "That this association recommend that on and after reaching the thirtieth aniversary of graduation, four classes that were in college together hold their reunions the same year and that this plan go into operation in 1915." I think that the words "or approximating" should be added after "reaching." The matter was referred to a committee to bring in a detailed plan at the meeting in June, 1911. According to the plan presented, as I understand it, not having been present at the meeting in 1911:

In 1915, '79, '80, '81, '82 would hold reunions, approximating the 35th; '83, '84, '85, '86 would hold reunions, approximating the 30th. Later classes would not be affected at all by the change.

In 1920, '79, '80, '81, '82 would hold reunions, approximating the 40th; '83, '84, '85, '86 would hold reunions, approximating the 35th; '87, '88, '89, '90 would hold reunions, approximating the 30th. Later classes not affected.

In 1925, '79, '80, '81, '82 would hold reunions, approximating the 45th; '83, '84, '85, '86 would hold reunions, approximating the 40th; '87, '88, '89, '90 would hold reunions, approximating the 35th; '91, '92, '93, '94 would hold reunions, approximating the 30th. Later classes not affected.

In 1930, '79, '80, '81, '82 would hold reunions, approximating the 50th; '83, '84, '85, '86 would hold reunions, approximating the 45th; '87, '88, '89, '90 would hold reunions, approximating the 40th; '91, '92, '93, '94 would hold reunions, approximating the 35th; '95, '96, '97, '98 would hold reunions, approximating the 30th, and so on.

Two changes occur to me which may be improvements in the general scheme, to make it five classes instead of four each time, since the reunion years are five years apart. Then:

In 1915, '79, '80, '81, '82, '83 would hold reunions, approximating the 35th; '84, '85, '86, '87, '88 would hold reunions, approximating the 30th.

In 1920, '79, '80, '81, '82, '83 would hold reunions, approximating the 40th; '84, '85, '86, '87, '88 would hold reunions, approximating the 35th; '89, '90, '91, '92, '93 would hold reunions, approximating the 30th.

In 1925 '79, '80, '81, '82, '83 would hold reunions, approximating the 45th; '84, '85, '86, '87, '88 would hold reunions, approximating the 40th; '89, '90, '91, '92, '93 would hold reunions, approximating the 35th; '94, '95, '96, '97, '98 would hold reunions, approximating the 30th.

In 1930, '79, '80, '81, '82, '83 would hold reunions, approximating the 50th; '84, '85, '86, '87, '88 would hold reunions, approximating the 45th; '89, '90, '91, '92, '93 would hold reunions, approximating the 40th; '94, '95, '96, '97, '98 would hold reunions, approximating the 35th; '99, '00, '01, '02, '03 would hold reunions, approximating the 30th, and so on.

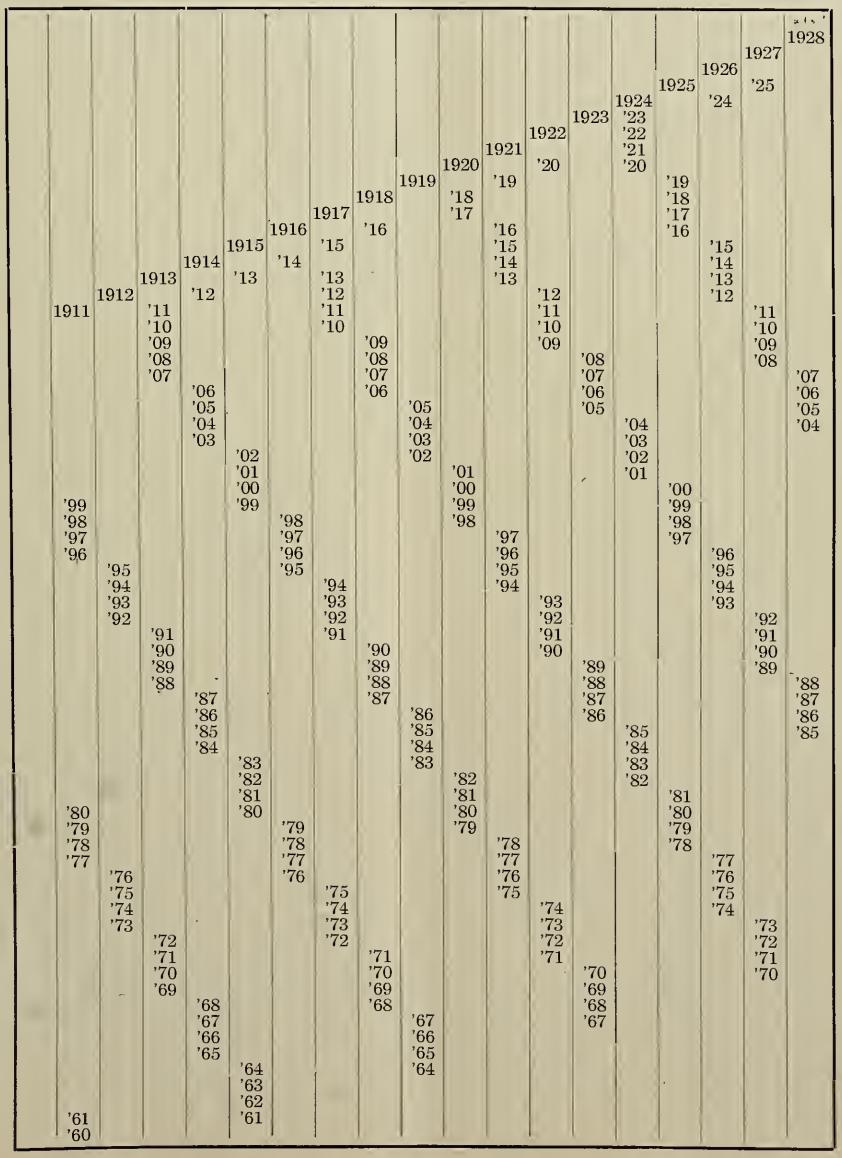
The second possible modification would be to begin with the 25th anniversary instead of the 30th. One advantage of the plan suggested by Miss Pendleton, is that it brings the reunions of older classes at regular, easily remembered dates, which correspond with anniversaries of the college itself, which opened in 1875, and graduated its first class in 1879. It will leave, in the years between these special anniversaries, more room at the college for the entertainment of the younger and larger classes. The only disadvantages I have heard suggested are first that, in case of all except the five-year classes, '80, '85, '90 and so on, these reunions would not coincide with the actual anniversaries

celebrated, '79's 35th, for example, will be postponed one year, '82's celebrated two years ahead of time, and so on. This seems a less serious matter to those who have been twenty-five or thirty years out of college, than to those recently graduated. The other disadvantage is that the classes of the years between will not, until they have been out twenty-five or thirty years, have the opportunity of meeting, on their returns to the college at Commencement times, the older Alumnæ. Of course no class except the earliest ones will meet at reunions all the classes that were contemporaneous with it, but let it be remembered that, under the present plan, we meet none of them. I suppose that any such action on the part of the Alumnæ Association can come only as a recommendation, each class still having the right to arrange its reunions to suit itself.

MARION METCALF, '80.

DIX REUNION SCHEDULE.

The suggestion has been made that a plan enabling classes which were in college at the same time to hold reunions in the same year would be well worth the consideration of the Alumnæ. Such a scheme was worked out at Michigan and is hereby presented through the kind permission of the Michigan Alumni Monthly.



THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE AMHERST, '85, PLAN.

When, to-day, any discussion or study of the great subject of education is undertaken, we, of the generation whose sons and daughters are now in college, feel a hesitancy about expressing a definite opinion. We are optimistic; we believe, in general, that the world is growing better; we want to believe that in education the methods, equipment and policies of our standard colleges are right;—yet we move uncomfortably in our chairs and murmur that perhaps the pendulum has swung too far; that the craving for change and some new thing, which has invaded—sometimes to an absurd degree—all affairs of life from woman's dress to theology, has also created some confusion in the educational world. In this connection, a few questions may suggest some of the doubts that worry our minds on present conditions in our colleges.

Is it possible that some people may graduate and carry away a B. A. degree knowing little or nothing of Latin,—not to speak of Greek?

Does it not seem probable that with the tremendous feast of electives and the freedom of choice, our youth will be tempted to select the course that is easiest, that offers the least resistance?

Is it not well,—to put it mildly,—for a youth to pursue some study he does not like,—choose some course that is not easy?

Is that equipment that will merely fit a man to make money, to be considered the most desirable?

Must each one be fitted for some specialized work from his youth up and is the world to be made up of so many automatons, standing each at his little specialty or machine, like the rows of workers in a factory or a sweat shop?

Is it true that "there are schools, but no colleges where a young man finds an environment of vivid intellectual life; where he discovers a severe course of mental training whose vigor comes from his associations and the demands of his fellows,—not from compulsion of the Faculty?"

Must we agree with President Lowell of Harvard, that "Respect for scholarship in American colleges is lamentably small?" that we are often forced to offer our youth "an elaborate bill of fare composed of viands chopped fine, to save him trouble in eating?"

We realize, as we ask these questions, that there is a very hopeful aspect; that during the last twenty years, there has swept in a great wave of progress, of new ideas, of new systems, and many of these various barks have been jostling each other and floating wildly about, seeking a welcome harbor and a safe anchorage. As we look back, we marvel that so much has been accomplished and we gather faith enough to feel confident that in time a great organizing power will bring about order and harmony. Perhaps one of the movements which will help toward harmony is the stand taken by Amherst College during the last two years and we may soon see Amherst standing secure upon her hills, with brilliant men of letters upon her Faculty rolls, a keen intellectual group of students, and a course of study that will send out into the world's work, men of broad culture, equipped with an education founded on the system of study that gave to England men like Balfour, Lord Rosebery, Gladstone, Macaulay, and to America, her great judges, presidents and administrators, men who have made it their aim to excel along intellectual lines, who have gone deep into the classics, who have experienced mental battles and victories and are thus fitted to lead in literature and politics; men of whose ideals and general ability nations are proud.

Such is the picture of the future of Amherst which has been painted by the class of '85 in an address presented to the Trustees. The committee chosen to represent the class are E. Parmalee Prentice, a lawyer of New York; President Ellsworth G. Lancaster, of Olivet College, and William G. Thayer, head master of St. Mark's School at Southboro, Massachusetts.

It is interesting to note that this address has excited much comment and for the most part, cordial approval from men of position and men of education over the whole country. There has been almost no adverse criticism. It may be interesting to those who are in sympathy with educational movements, to review, in the following pages, this address, proposing a change of policy for Amherst College, and to hear some of the opinions of leading

men and of the press upon the wisdom of such a plan. Necessarily, therefore, a part of what follows must be enclosed in quotation marks, in order that the account may be accurate.

"Twenty-five years ago," says the Class of '85, "Amherst had a definite and necessary position in the educational scheme, but within recent years the character of education has so changed that the relative positions of different institutions and the value of each in the new scheme of education have undergone a reappraisal. The great state universities offer now so many forms of technical training; professional and post-graduate courses are so increased that even the eastern universities, without state support, are hard pressed to compete. Millions of dollars have been wrested from Alumni and friends, to allow them to do the work which the state universities perform."

"What then is the position of the small college like Amherst? It has not the means to take its place as a rival of these great universities. Must it then abandon its claim to an honorable place in the first rank of American institutions? Is there no distinctive field which Amherst may occupy?"

The Class of '85 says:—"We believe there is such a field; that there are public services which Amherst may render." They hold that for three reasons Amherst should occupy this field; first, "as a duty owing to its students; second, as an opportunity for a great public service, and third, in its own interest as a matter of self-preservation."

"The popular appraisal of education is commercial—measuring the value of a training by the income it returns, and if every man stand for himself alone, this estimate may be right. It is in the relation of the individual to the community, however, that this view of educational training first breaks down. There is a training which should be undergone for the sake of learning and for the benefit of the state." "There are in this country," says Professor Nelson of Williams College, "no two wants more pressing than a literature of the first rank and statesmen of the first rank. The two go together. Your great statesmen are bred on literature and the historic achievements of mankind. . . . Those alone have the right to deal with the destinies of humanity who have learned the laws by which humanity has come to its present heritage."

The great field, therefore, which Amherst may occupy is nothing less than "training in public leadership and broad culture. In this instruction, if Amherst make its position publicly distinctive and different from that occupied by the great Universities, she need fear no competition."

At this point, let us cull from the address what is said as to the present intellectual standard in our colleges. Is there any sign among the students of a dominating purpose and life directed toward scholarly excellence? Two quotations from President Wilson throw some light upon this question. "The real life of a body of undergraduates, if there be any, manifests itself not in the class room, but in what they do and talk of as their favorite objects between classes and lectures. You will see the true life of a college in the evenings, at the dinner table or beside the fire, in the groups that gather and the men that go off eagerly to their work, where youths get together and let themselves go upon their favorite themes,—in the effect their studies have upon them when no compulsion of any kind is upon them. The mind can be driven, but that is not life. Life is voluntary or unconscious. It is habitual, continuous, productive."

"Life at college," President Wilson goes on to say, "is one thing, the work of the college is another, entirely separate and distinct. The life is the field that is left free for athletics not only, but also for every other amusement and diversion. Studies are no part of that life and there is no competition. Study is the work which interrupts the life, introduces an embarrassing and inconsistent element into it. The Faculty has no part in the life; it organizes the interruption, the interference."

We must understand that here President Wilson is referring to the general atmosphere of a college, for we all personally know of individual exceptions. This dual life, then, which he describes, is no preparation for the modern world of difficulty. On the contrary, as Mr. Birdseye says, "the college too often teaches a mental sloth, carelessness and inaccuracy

which are quite the antithesis of good education and of the business training that the non-college competitor is getting under some stern master in the office, the shop, the factory, the store or other business training school. These disqualifying habits of sloth, carelessness and inaccuracy, acquired or intensified at college, are often so bad as quite to negative the advantage of a college course and are too high a price for a young man to pay for what he gets out of his four years." What also can be said for those parents, who at personal sacrifice, often great, send their sons to college that they may be better prepared for that modern world of which it is said that "it contains an uncommon challenge to effort, and all the achievements to which it challenges are uncommonly difficult?"

It is the conviction of the class of '85 that the colleges of the country have permitted themselves to be led aside from their true function; that some reaction is inevitable and that no college can better lead such a movement than Amherst. It can place emphasis upon the individual training and high quality of scholarship which should be characteristic of the small college. When Amherst takes this place it seizes leadership; but no such distinction comes with half-way measures. What then are the measures advocated? These are stated briefly, as follows:

1. That the instruction given at Amherst College be a modified classical course, as the meaning of that term has been described.

2. That the degree of Bachelor of Science be abolished.

3. That the College adopt the deliberate policy to devote all its means to the indefinite increase of teachers' salaries.

4. That the number of students attending the college be limited.

5. That entrance be permitted only by competitive examinations.

It is not possible, in this article, to speak of all the arguments advanced in the address in regard to these five points; a paragraph or two must suffice for each.

In arguing for the classical course, the committee expressly disclaims any criticism upon what is done by the average big university of to-day, and especially by the average state university. It does not advocate the elimination of the sciences; a knowledge of science is a part of a liberal education. It acknowledges that the world needs and must have engineers, chemists, electricians, biologists; that technical training and trade education are essential to the work of the world. The special point emphasized is that different institutions may well turn their attention in different directions and the committee upholds the proposition that for statesmen, leaders of public thought, for literature, indeed for all work which demands culture and breadth of view, nothing can take the place of the classical education; that the duty of institutions for this kind of service is not wholly performed when the youth of the country are passed from the high schools to the university to be vocationalized, but that there is a most important work to be performed by an institution which stands outside the straight line to pecuniary reward; that there is room for at least one great classical college,—perhaps for many.

In regard to the second point, that the degree of Bachelor of Science be abolished, it is simply a logical result of what has been already presented. In view of the courses of instruction given at such schools as the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Sheffield Scientific School, Cornell and many others, it seems to the committee that young men who desire scientific instruction make a mistake to come to Amherst. While science will be taught it can not be taught in a way such schools take it up.

There is much said upon the third point, the increase of teacher's salaries. A few comments along this line may be of value. The New York Times says: "The best brains of the country are going into business, because in business the scale of compensation is pitched higher." "In no other country," says Professor Gillette, "do educators stand so low in public esteem." "This means an unencouraging prospect as to the intellectual life of the country twenty-five years from now." Another says: "Young men of ability must not be driven to other work by the knowledge that a professor's salary is insufficient to support a family and to enable him to associate with equals on equal terms."

"While it is possible for other institutions to call professors from Amherst, we cannot," says the committee, "as a general rule, expect to secure or to keep the best. To learn the facts about salaries paid at

Amherst, the committee requested information from members of the Faculty, thirty-nine of whom made reports, with the following results:

"Fourteen of these members of the Faculty receive $3,000; four receive $2,500; one receives $2,200; eleven receive $2,000; four receive $1,600; two receive $1,400; one receives $1,300; two receive $1,200. Following this list there is a very interesting report of average expenditure per year which I am sorry to omit for lack of space. The gentleman who made the inquiries and tabulated the results, concluded his report with the following comments which seem to the committee to have deep significance." After speaking of the change of standard enforced on the professor by the social changes and requirements of a college community, he says, "Investigation has led me to the conclusion that at Amherst a college professor spends his income approximately as follows, with a family of four: rent 17 per cent., fuel 6 per cent., lighting 2 per cent., food 35 per cent., clothing 20 per cent., sundries 20 per cent. Assuming that he has a salary of $3,000, that would mean $600 for sundries. But what does sundries cover? Such items as the following: laundry, house cleaning, kitchen supplies, repairs, such as replacement of furniture, rugs, bed-clothing, etc., doctor's bills, dentistry, life insurance, subscriptions that he is called upon to make and wants to make, support of athletics and Y. M. C. A. benevolence, presents, books, travel, vacations, and the education of his children. There are college professors, who for years buy no books because they cannot afford it, who for the same reason do not go to the theatre, do not subscribe five dollars to the musical program, never ride in a parlor car, seldom go to the seashore or the mountains, and never could afford to take a sabbatical year,—when but half salary is paid,—to freshen up their life and their work." At the close of these enlightening statistics the statement made by ex-President Roosevelt on this very subject in the Outlook is all the more impressive: "The very low salaries of our college instructors and professors represent a fundamental evil."

The last two points may be considered together: that the number of students be limited; that entrance be permitted only by competitive examination.

As emphasis is to be laid upon individual training, there must be an opportunity for personal contact and influence between teacher and student; scholarship, not numbers is sought, therefore some limitation must be placed upon the number of students. Here again, the value of the trained teacher and one of broad culture is evident. We may well use President Hyde's quotation of Browning, as regards this personal relation.

"Oh, the little more, and how much it is,
And the little less, and what worlds away."

So it is of the college professor.

The number of students being limited, it seems as if there might be a need of some selective process; the Class of '85 say this ought to be by competitive examination. They claim that the resulting honor of success in competition, and individual recognition of scholarship will bring about an esprit de corps which will be remarkable in its results in the college and which will also create a deep impression upon the life and thought of the country. It may be stated here that if any criticism has been given to this address, it has generally been directed toward this last point: that the examinations be competitive. Some leading minds think that such keen competiton might shut out of Amherst some of our noblest and most thoughtful men.

What then will be the general result at Amherst if this policy is carried out? This is the answer.

"A great influence will be exerted to restore the dignity of the teaching profession. More seriousness will be forced into college life. It will become an honor to prepare for Amherst; ambitious students will desire the prestige which comes from entering, and an Amherst diploma will have a distinctive value."

The reply of the Trustees to this address from the Class of '85 is cordial and appreciative. They assert that they have, for several years, been raising the salaries of professors, that $400,000 has been so applied during the last ten years, and that they are now engaged in securing a fund of $400,000 for the same purpose. They further state that the curriculum is growing more and more classical in its nature, that only one degree, that of B. A., will be hereafter given, that candidates will be selected with a view to their fitness to do

good work, and a high standard of scholarship maintained.

It remains to give a few comments from men of note and from leading periodicals. The New York Independent says: "The attempt is to bring about a reversion to old ideals, and a college equipped with a faculty suitable for such work, may take the leadership in reforming American college life and in freeing college education from the criticism of the business man, who sees in it neither sound business training not broad scholarship, and only disqualification for success in business."

The Outlook remarks: "This report is one of the most noteworthy of recent educational documents."

These words come from the Yale Alumni Weekly:—"In no recent manifestation of alumni interest in a college's development has there been so vital a proposition made, nor so fundamental a policy offered."

We have this comment from Springfield: "Few things more attractive have been offered in the way of an educational program in recent years to those people who have sons to educate rather than squander money upon. . . . By following this policy a new departure in American collegiate education might be scored that would astonish the land."

The Normal College, New York City, offers this statement: "Such a combination should produce unique results, far-reaching in their influence on national culture. It sounds like a new chapter in the Day-Dreams of a Schoolmaster. Is Amherst daring enough to make it a reality?"

Harper's Weekly says: "The amount of time and money that is spent in the great popular universities of the East in giving lazy boys the mere rudiments of mental training, is a sorrow to lamenting educators. It will go on, no doubt . . . until it is demonstrated somewhere, that for really ambitious youths there is something better offered which it will pay them to embrace. Inspiring teachers are nine-tenths of the battle of education. Let us hope Amherst will try it."

The Hartford Courant has a wonderfully clear article, but I can give only the closing words: "There are things much better worth while and more to be desired than mere bigness. Amherst could not set a finer example to her sister colleges in New England and the younger colleges in the younger states than by re-entering contentedly, proudly and once for all into her heritage as a college of liberal arts."

President Alexander Meiklejohn, in his inaugural address, and in many addresses delivered in New England, seems to be proving himself to be the man to lead the new Amherst. President Faunce of Brown University says of him: "He is a man incapable of selfishness, absolutely loyal to a friend, or a truth, and is at his best when the sky grows dark and obstacles abound. . . . . Our entire faculty follow him with full faith that he will be equal to his rare opportunity."

This article may well be closed with the words of Henry A. Garfield, President of Williams College, which were spoken to President Meiklejohn at his inauguration. "You have chosen the old familiar path, over which counsellors and magistrates, men of letters and men of science, priests, poets and philosophers have trod,—the old path, yet broader and with many laterals,—and by this way you bid your young men climb, until the muscles ache and the breath comes hard, until the summit is reached and the vision of life bursts upon them. Such men will return to the plains below to render noble service to mankind, for they will be trained men, thoughtful men equipped for action, men of vision, and men of power. The college which trains them will be honored by them as well as because of them. Of this kind may your beloved Amherst continue to be."

FRANCES SCUDDER WILLIAMS, '85

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF DENISON HOUSE.

The phrase "settlement house" conjures up before our mind visions of work increasing with classes less fortunate than ourselves, work that because of its vagueness, vague at least to many of us, seems romantic and surrounded with a halo. At Denison House, the college settlement house in the south end of Boston, there is work, but it is not romantic. It is work that ranges from classes in domestic science and millinery to the clubs that try to give a deeper and more joyous note to existence. Existence I say advisedly, for Denison House is meant in great part for those to whom life is not life, but mere existence, and this aim is attempted through the clubs, the classes, and the purely friendly gatherings.

There are many, many clubs; clubs for little girls and big girls, little boys and big boys, and clubs for Italians and other nationalities. It would be very easy for the management of these clubs to degenerate into mere institutional interest, but by some magic alchemy, this is never done. The interest in each club and each individual is kept very personal, and free, to a great extent, from the disagreeable and seemingly unfriendly "red tape" that so often prevents natural growth of friendliness between community and settlement house. If little Sophie Haddad wants to see the head worker to get a ticket for the party her particular club is giving, her business is considered by the head worker quite as important as anyone's else. The head worker makes out Sophie's ticket herself, and inquires about the little girl in a friendly way that goes far to remove the chance of a long-lived neighborhood prejudice against the settlement house. But then, Denison House, as I have indicated, is not an institution, it is a family, in that is the secret of its success. The social workers of Denison House are not giving to the neighborhood, they are sharing. They share the work as well as the play, for co-operation, in so far as possible, is made a byword of the entire community.

Through the constant intercourse of clubs and classes, the members of these groups are beginning to realize that the residents of Denison House do not live a life of flowery ease. They see that people, who perhaps have more of worldly goods than they, have also their own particular trials and problems, no less vital and disturbing because they differ in application. It is a question, however, whether the neighborhood realizes as yet that the finest part of the work is done in the play—that the social side plays as important a part as the work-a-day side, if indeed not more so, for theory, as such, means nothing to the Denison House neighborhood. The neighborhood regards only living examples, and it is in the social side of Denison House—in the parties and the clubs—that the neighborhood gets, very unconsciously, an ever-present manifesto of concrete ideals and theories of kindness.

The families of the neighborhood see that fair play is always given them, and they accordingly respect the givers. Never, however, would they let it be known, by word or deed, that any act of consideration had an effect upon them. This is evident most strongly in the younger generation, for to them kindness is a display of weakness, and it is only by seeing in every resident of Denison House the exact opposite, that kindness is evidence of strength, that their ideas slowly change.

So the social life of a settlement house, with its entertainments given by society debutantes, members of college, dramatic or musical clubs, and professional entertainers, as well as the social intercourse in the classes and club meetings, is a very vital and significant factor in the growth of a neighborhood to the possession of higher ideals. Always, through work, through play, vibrates the warmth and cheer of hospitality. A never-failing welcome is in reserve for all, to the last comer of "high degree" or low, young or old. The beautiful verse over the fireplace, written by Miss Florence Converse, Wellesley, '93, is perhaps the keynote of the happiness of Denison House:

Burn, fire, burn!
Flicker, flicker, flame!
Whose hand above this blaze is lifted
Shall be with touch of magic gifted,
To warm the hearts of chilly mortals
Who stand without these open portals,
The touch shall draw them to this fire,
Higher, nigher,
By desire.

Whoso shall stand
On this hearth-stone,
Flame fanned,
Shall never, never stand alone.
Whose home is dark and drear and old,
Whose hearth is cold,
This is his own.
Flicker, flicker, flicker, flame!
Burn, fire, burn!

Berenice Van Slyke, 1913.

THE OUTLET.

The Graduate Council of Wellesley promised to be a medium for the Alumnæ to approach intelligently the shrine of Alma Mater. One votive offering has already been repulsed. The western Alumnæ realize your lack of foresight, O Graduate Council, in refusing to let a Committee on Preparatory Schools be one of your standing committees. You did not wait, it seems, to hear one pro, but just one con settled the matter for you: that on a certain occasion, only ten boys of a preparatory school assembled to hear an illustrated lecture on Princeton,—then on this hypothesis, it was safe to conclude that a similar Wellesley lecture "would not pay." If those ten western boys were what Princeton needed, then those ten boys were what Princeton wanted. Princeton knows this, moreover, to be true and, as is well known, emphasizes the phenomenal results of its Committee on Preparatory Schools. The "Outlet" has already pointed out Wellesley's need for western girls—to "leaven the lump," as it were; but the want expressed has been formally denied by the Graduate Council. It is as true as can be, that when a minority wish to demonstrate the utility of a certain plan, the majority are seized with a mania of expediting business with such fervor, that the poor little plan is submerged by its sudden toss into oblivion. But—Graduate Council of Wellesley, when all your model constitutions are adopted, we believe, as you were created on a broad, high scale, that you will not then snuff out the gray matter of your little minorities that may appear here and there at your assemblies, and that you will henceforth tell us, in a straightforward way, who are not of your number, what you have talked over and what you want us to do. We are ready to be loyal Alumnæ, but not until you take us into your confidence. You have told us, may be, that you do not dare do that, because we are not as loyal as the Alumnæ of a certain other woman's college. If you are wise and great enough to discover that, can you not discover the reason too? Long before you were born, O Graduate Council, and even ever since, in special instances, we have not been treated as woman to woman. Confidence is the basis of loyalty. Confidence in each other is a pledge that you, Graduate Council, are bound to fulfill. Until you, as a representative body of Alumnæ, until we all—the Alumnæ of Wellesley—in fact, until all now connected with Wellesley College itself, are made to believe that confidence is the basis of loyalty, that the "don't mention it" policy breeds but contempt,—then no singing of our Alumnæ song will ever come from honest hearts, and the Wellesley loyalty continue to be minimized.

Non ministrari, sed ministrare.

The question of studying on Sunday is one which is forced upon every college girl. The hurry and seemingly innumerable things to be done during the opening weeks of the college year make her wonder if, after all, it is intended that there shall be any time to study. Something important comes on Friday night and on Saturday is a college event that must not be missed. So, too often Saturday night comes and Monday's work is far from done. Nor is it the Freshman only who has trouble preparing her work for Monday. Girls of other classes, too, dread Monday more than any other day, because, for some reason, it seems almost an impossibility to do Monday's work with anything like the ease felt in preparing for other

days. In each case there is a slightly different reason, but the fact remains that it is not easy to get ready for Monday by Saturday night.

What then can be done? It may be that by sitting up till twelve P. M. Saturday and by getting up at six A. M. Monday a girl who believes that studying on Sunday is unwise may complete her work and next time contrive to do it earlier. But everyone is not given to such self-disciplining and so it happens that Sunday afternoon and evening find a startlingly large number of girls studying and so dragging the week's work into a day which should, at least, be different from the other six. They thus deprive themselves of one of the best phases of college life. They are unjust to themselves in doing their work at the wrong time and failing to enjoy the physical rest and mental relaxation that comes with the sense of work completed.

Do the girls who study on Sunday consider the possible effect of their example on those girls who at home never study on Sunday? What do the Freshmen think when they see many girls of the other classes studying regularly on Sunday? The pleasure of a Sunday free from study cannot be known until tried. It is a regularly recurring vacation that furnishes an incentive for better work during the other six days.—From the Vassar Miscellany.

UNDERGRADUATE DEPARTMENT.

THE AGE OF PANDEMONIUM.

YOUTH, in the eyes of preceding generations, belongs to chaos; Youth, in its own eyes, is a confused generality in a surging, struggling greater generality, life. Mentally, its eyes are those of a nine-day-old kitten, gazing in a bewildered, helpless fashion on a world of accumulating experiences, the hopeless, uncoordinated mass of ideas, codes, and customs which are the careful hoard and bequest of those preceding generations. Among the treasures of this bequest is the knowledge that our obligation for these treasures does not stop with ideas, codes and customs, but extends into the realm of the soul; that we are beholden to the past not only for the world, but for what we shall do with it. In view of this fact, the interest of the preceding generation in Youth and Youth's world is amply justified; Youth is their contribution to evolving reality, the valuation of their own moral stamina, the credit mark on the life quiz. For us, the issue is more vital, for in us their weaknesses are to be our failures, their strength, our triumphs—judged by their codes. But here we pause; are we to be packed, boxed and labeled, "triumphs," "failures," and to be stored on the pantry shelves of the resigning generation? This is not the wont of the life that flames afresh in the being of every new human creature. It is the nature of Youth to transcend categories, to reject those past codes which judge it with the wisdom of experiences it cannot share. The peculiar right of Youth is the right to make its own code.

Right differs from privilege in that it is unqualified; right recognizes no obligation. Mrs. Comer, in the "Atlantic" for February, 1911,* clearly takes exception to this view.

"The final right of each generation to its own code depends upon the inner significance of those manners. When they express such alterations in the fibre of the human creature as are detrimental to the welfare of the race, then, and perhaps then only are our criticisms completely justified."

It is to this exception that I object. Mrs. Comer is criticizing for the welfare of the race; can she take it upon herself or the last generation to lay down for the race the straight path of progress? If moral stamina and intellectual fibre were mile-stones along the path the passing generation has trodden, can she prove that they mark aught but the path of safety for the generations to come? Youth does not look for safety; it scorns conservatism; it takes nothing for granted. "Goodness," "knowledge," "morals," those shining garments locked so carefully in the ancestral chest of the past as the togas of manhood, are donned by Youth as he plunges into the mud bath of experience. If they come out unspotted, well and good, if not—so much the worse for the virtues. The welfare of the race is a matter of code. When the other generation gave Youth the right to live, it also gave Youth the demand for the right to its own welfare and the right unqualified to determine the course for that welfare.

This Youth sees first as it gazes about the world with its nine-day-young eyes, and feeling that right, its first move is to exercise it. In doing so, it often overdoes, as the kitten, whirling rapidly after its tail, becomes giddy; but this is merely excess of manifestation, and its grief is on its own head. The older generation is scandalized, but this, alas, fosters only a sort of naughtiness in Youth. From this propensity arises the joy in a bluff, not because of its insincerity, but because of its audacity, its spicy naughtiness, and hence the tendency also to make incongruous and shocking remarks to persons obviously addicted to decorum or to a snug code of moral proprieties. If it were not given that delicious taste of naughtiness, I dare say Youth would never dream the world held such ecstasy as wilful and conscious wrong doing, and it certainly would not discover so many original deviations from convention. And indeed, pleasure is a very tempting exhaust-valve for self-assertion, and if Youth finds no reason for not indulging, nothing short of

*Comer, Cornelia A. P., "A Letter to the Rising Generation," Atlantic Monthly, February, 1911, page 146.

chains will check this mode of activity. It is only as pleasure is found inadequate that it is abandoned. "What a waste!" exclaims Age. Youth knows it is not waste; for truth most vital to Youth is not tradition; it is research, always.

This is the fundamental motive of Youth, a desire above all things to find truth, and truth discovered by its own activity. Youth goes to a lecture room and there he is bored, learns nothing, and brags of it. He is acting in a way highly discourteous to knowledge, but he is being true to himself, and his friends call him "a good fellow," sure of his sincerity. Youth meets with his friends and talks over the next dance with great zest. Youth likes dancing; it is stimulating, thrilling; it is emotional, real, and it appeals to his sense of beauty in color and rythm and to his love of life in its energy. For the same reason he delights in motoring—motion is force, force is life. And life always means experience. He often forgets his long-suffering studies and takes long rambles; the spring sunshine is "great," the birds twanging or trilling over the marsh are "adorable"—why not? Youth is not writing an essay; Youth is taking a walk, and Youth's friends know what is meant by "adorable" in its bird-singing application. Sometimes Youth reads a novel, a a novel wherein "the moon sheens over the western horizon and the hero's arm encircles the heroine's waist." Youth laughs at it from one point of view; from another, the eye of his mind does not see moon-sheen but pure moon-light, and the hero's arm is about his love because he loves her,—and love is interesting. Youth goes to a musical comedy because it is gay, that is, it presents vivid experiences. And experience to the Youth is reality. But the desire for such experience is short-lived, or if it recurs, it is only as a different phase of reality is sought. Youth builds up on it, forms an estimate, and, testing this by new experience and finding it inadequate, he destroys or modifies it. This restless activity, this tireless making and breaking of categories which are ultimately to converge in more inclusive and satisfying ideals and codes, is what we must recognize as progress.

Youth, then, is at heart serious. He is interested in religion because it offers him, not security, but confidence and inspiration. But he desires only the truth, a religion that satisfies or no religion at all. And when Youth stops to think, and there are moments for him when thought is inevitable, he is serious in matters of mind as well as of soul; he awakes to the fact that there are finer articulations of thought than he is capable of expressing, and phrasing of reality more subtle than he has energy to understand. Then Youth begins to awaken to art. Then only it begins to appear under the wrappings of cant and affectation, in which it has previously lain, and to reveal bit by it, as Youth has patience to observe it, glimpses of purer reality than he has found before. Youth is always suspicious of it, however, and works a good deal more in private over it than he admits, for fear, not always of expressing his own discovery of truth, but because he is very much afraid of its turning into the changelings, cant and affectation, in his hands.

The Youth who thinks never fails to awaken to this appreciation of reality, the fruits of which can be gained only by the keenest activity. But when the awakening is late, or when it is accompanied by an overburdening sense of the energy and drudgery involved, Youth realizes that although the direct fruits of art may never be his, the training it gives may be an invaluable agent for the particular sort of research in which he is interested. Whether this be home-making or burglary is immaterial. Or if the bequest of the passing generation deprives him of enough acumen to awaken to the value of art, life is not the slough of non-existence the critics of Youth predict for him. Life is still research, though its last laboratory experiment be ignominy and death.

Heirs of the weakness, inertia and other psychical characteristics which indicate the deviation of our ancestors from their positive moral laws, whom those generations would accordingly term "failures," are not failures in the eyes of Youth; they are not even the victims of circumstance, nor scarcely, in the thorough-going democratic eyes of Youth, to be pitied at all. Their only effect, as those generations would say, is to "lower the tone of human welfare;" as Youth would say, to "change"

it. Youth could not understand the meaning of "lower" for it has never known the "higher." Should there be, as the ages proceed, no other bequests than those which the passing generation condemn as vitiating the "welfare of the race," there would be progress even in "retrogression" until Youth sometime would walk into the arms of "destruction" and call it "truth."

Youth, then, is unquestioning; it accepts and uses all things as it finds them and triumphs over them. Youth stands for progress, for that attainment which is in itself the seeking. Its democracy is unequivocal, for it does not know the meaning of aristocracy; it sets values on all things. Destruction, annihilation, apocalyptic horrors are the bogies of the past. Youth looks at them as searchingly as Diogenes with his lantern, and finds them only shadows; nay, more, illuminates them with the great "Perhaps," and finds them promises full of mystery and possibility. For Youth, life is to be got, not distributed piece-meal, cautiously, by the worried concern of a generation that has itself lived and acquired, but to be hunted and suffered for, to be found full of the sap of reality; the end does not matter; that is the business of evolution and will take care of itself.

"The age of rediscovery is passed," cries the Age of Pandemonium, "the age of discovery has come!"

LAURA MARY MOENCH, 1914.

STREET LAMPS.

I lie in bed and watch the lights
  That glimmer through the rain,
And listen to the drops that slip
  Against my window pane.

The street lamps glimmer through the rain
  Set straightly in a row,
And mark the long, long, winding street
  Where people come and go.

They mark the long, long street that goes
  Its winding way to town,
And all night long I am aware
  That men go up and down.

Some pass on foot; I hear them laugh;
  A cart goes rattling by.
A horse's hoofs beat loud and sharp,
  And swiftly pass and die.

I wonder why they come and go,
  And who they all may be,
And if sometime the lamps will mark
  The wand'ring road for me.

EDITH FOLEY, 1915.

THE SHIPWRECKED MAN.

IT was so long since he had slept—so terribly long! He had wrested food, water, shelter, from the half-barren island. But the little white pellets that bring sleep! His wee silver case had been full of them when he swam ashore,—how long ago was it? Never mind. That was not what mattered. What really mattered was that there were only seven left. He had husbanded them carefully. For weeks he had been half-starved for sleep. For weeks the colored pebbles on the shore had sprung to arrange themselves in patterns before his feet. His eyes had played him strange tricks, too, and again and again he had heard his name called.

Now there were only seven little white pellets left. But were there really seven? Or was it only six? Again he sat down and tried to count them. One, two, three, four, . . five. Was it five or was it four he had said last? He divided them into two piles, four in one and three in the other, but he could not remember how many four and three made.

How many nights was it since he had slept? Four or three? Had he perhaps slept last night? Repeatedly he had forced himself into a stupor, whipped his body down and held it unconscious till the tired will relaxed,—two or three minutes at the most. That was not sleep. But perhaps it was sleep that had come to him when he was walking in the moonlight on the beach. Surely he had dreamed, and you must sleep to dream. But he had seen the colored pebbles dancing beneath his feet, and had heard the boom of the waves. He had not felt his feet strike the pebbles, but all through his body he had felt the heavy vibrations of the pounding waves.

He could not stand it much longer. When night came, he would take one of the precious white pellets. But he must wait until it was dark. It would not do to let himself yield before he had given himself permission to do so. A man whose will power was not stronger than his body and brain was crazy. He must not let himself go mad. The sun was already very near the horizon. He had only to wait till it sank out of sight.

He went and knelt by the spring, and drank great draughts of water. What was it he did for food? He had forgotten, but it did not matter. Soon the sun would be down, and then he would sleep. He danced down the beach, singing a strange medley of hymns and popular songs. He fell into the measured step of the English waltz. He smiled at the girl whom he held close to him, and whispered compliments about her hair and eyes.

The sun had slipped behind the horizon, and the man's consciousness awoke again. He shook himself free from the hallucination and laughed eagerly. He ran to his cave. His accustomed fingers unsnapped the silver case, and slipped one pellet between his lips. Again he laughed, and stretched himself on the smooth white sand. For a few moments he tossed and turned uneasily. Then he slept.

. . . He was running, in a dark forest. The path was narrow, and the trees towered up almost to the sky. As he ran, they bent their branches down and barred his path and drew them back just in time to leave the way clear before him. The air was full of mocking laughter, but that did not trouble him as much as the fact that he could not hear the sound of his own rapid feet on the path. Little colored fires,—red, green, yellow, blue,—ran about, along the ground and through the trees. "That is wild-fire," he said aloud, and thought he had explained it.

He had stopped running and stood facing a huge twisted tree. On one of the branches, sprung into sudden radiance, sat an elf-girl, swinging her crossed ankles, and laughing. Her hair was blown back from her face.

The radiance faded, and there was only a phosphorescent glow around her body. Her eyes had grown large and dark and mournful; her lips quivered. Her white shift was wet and clung to her, and water dripped from the long black hair that the wind wrapped around and around her body like long black snakes. A little green flame ran up to her knees, and across her lap, and up her body. For a moment it blazed on her forehead, and then it went out, and she was gone. The forest was dark and motionless and silent. He screamed aloud, and awoke. His head throbbed and there was an evil taste in

his mouth, but he was sane again. He went to the spring and drank, and washed his face and hands in the cool water. Then he set his snare in the brook, and caught two fish. He kindled a fire, cooked the fish, and ate them.

Then he took out the silver box and counted the white pellets. Six left. There was very little probability that a ship would ever pass near enough to see his signals. He could take the pellets one by one, and then await death; or he could take them all six now,—at once. That would only mean a few days less of torture. There was no hope, and he had been on the point of doing it so many times before. After all, it was easier just to blow out the candle than to leave it to be snuffed out by the whimsical fingers of Father Time. Power lay in his hands,—six white pellets in a tiny silver box.

He rose, and drew a long breath of freedom, and faced the storming surf of the ocean as a man faces his equal. Then he hurled the box from him, far out into the churning, frothing waves.

Then he turned, still breathing deeply and freely, and sought out a smooth piece of slate he remembered having passed many times. He sat down on a flat rock in the sunshine, and began cutting letters into it with his knife.

"I have met him face to face!
Steeled my heart and checked my hands,
Smiled upon him unafraid.
I have walked the shadow-place,
He, the dark god, understands
Me, who laughed from out that shade."

He paused. There was a little space left. With quick strokes he cut in the words:

"Upon this island lie the bones of John Marvel, wanderer, who wasted his life, but met death fairly, sometime during the summer of nineteen hundred and twelve."

RUTH COLEMAN, 1915.

THE TEST OF YOUTH.

DOCTOR Sawyer, coming briskly into the dining-room, tweaked the ear of the sleek cat lying on a chair in the sunshine, and acknowledged the reproving look from behind the coffee-pot by a cheery,—"Good morning, Mattie, my dear,—You know it's good for Winkie to have his ears tweaked," he went on, sitting down and looking expectantly at the covered dish beside his wife. "Is it griddle cakes? Good! Winkie really is getting altogether too sleek and dignified. There's no play left in him. You shouldn't pamper him so."

"But Richard,—when I've nothing but a cat to pet,—"

"And a husband," interrupted the Doctor, a boyish twinkle in his eyes.

"Who won't be pampered!" retorted his wife, "and makes a fuss if I merely try to keep his buttons sewed on! There's a thread on your sleeve, Richard,—no, the right one."

The Doctor obediently picked the thread from his sleeve, and, when his wife was not looking, dropped it on the floor.

"Mattie," he said, running a thin, quick hand through his white hair, "the folks down at the post-office last night said that a circus was coming to town to-day."

"A circus!" cried Mrs. Sawyer, "in Westfield, of all places! Why, there's not a child in town, Richard, and only one or two young folks!"

"I know," said the Doctor. "I guess the old folks will have to take their turn at the show. Eh, Mattie,—would you like to go?" He looked rather wistfully at the plump little lady behind the shining coffee-pot.

Her brown eyes opened wide. "I—to the circus! Richard, how can you! Think of the heat and the dirt,—at my age!"

"My dear, you are younger than I," said the Doctor gently, "and I really feel quite a boy. I haven't seen a circus since I used to take William."

"And William is a grown man with two children of his own! Richard, we are getting old."

The Doctor made no reply, but went out to attend to his horse. He moved briskly about the barn, energetically combed down Toby, the old horse, and washed the carriage thoroughly,—just to prove to himself that he was still young and

spry. As a result he went back to the house, flushed and quite out of breath.

"Whew!" he whistled, stopping to watch his wife roll out pie crust. "Mattie, I think I shall have to get a chore-boy pretty soon!"

"You'll do well, Richard, if you find one. But you really oughtn't to do the work in this hot weather. Are you going out this morning?"

"Yes, I have a few visits to make."

His calls over, the Doctor turned Toby's head from the aristocratic green, and drove down to the valley, which harbored the plebeian shops and markets. In the field behind the leading grocery store a big, dingy tent was catching the rays of the hot July sun. A yellow haze of dust hung in the air, and heat waves quivered over the trampled stretch of sand around the tent. The Doctor mopped his brow.

"I'll bet it's hot in there," he remarked to himself, "but I'm going in, all the same, —just this once. I may never get another chance."

In the main tent a scattered audience fanned themselves languidly and munched peanuts. They were, for the most part, men,—farmers and farm hands,—with a scattering of unkempt women, holding small, miserable babies. The Doctor sat down on a narrow board seat and waited for the show to begin. The heat was frightful, flies were persistent, and he found to his surprise, that circus seats were not as comfortable as they used to be.

Soon, with wild shouts and bursts of mirthless laughter, two ugly clowns came rolling into the grassy ring. They tumbled, guffawed, and played tricks, but the Doctor soon lost interest in their performance, and wondered vaguely if they were enjoying themselves. After a while some women in pink and yellow tights came in and did ugly gymnastics on a trapeze. The Doctor was beginning to think that he would leave, when he heard a merry shout and a boyish laugh, and in trotted a big, white horse, with a boy standing on his back and a yellow collie following at his heels. Round and round the white horse galloped, and every time he passed, the Doctor found himself waiting for another look at the straight, boyish figure on the horse's back, for another glimpse of the tossing brown head, for the flash of white teeth, and the burst of merry-hearted laughter which pealed out when the collie, in obedience to a signal, leaped to the horse's back, and rode in triumph beside his master. The sleepy audience woke up; women clapped, babies crowed, and the Doctor beamed his approval and even shouted in appreciation, when the lithe figure turned a somersault in the air and came down squarely on the horse's back. With a sure-footed leap, the boy came to earth, dismissed the horse and dog; then whirled into a double back-somersault, came up laughing, and, with a gay nod to the company, walked nonchalantly around the ring on his hands.

"William would have liked that boy!" chuckled Doctor Sawyer, "he used to want to be a circus boy himself."

He was distinctly disappointed when the boy left the ring, and felt that the circus had no further interest for him. He went out quietly and walked around to the back of the tent. There, sprawled limply in the shadow of a cart, lay the little circus boy.

"Hello, Johnny," said the Doctor.

"How'd you know my name?" inquired the boy.

"I didn't," confessed the Doctor.

"Well, you hit it right. Gosh! I'm hungry!"

"Hungry, eh?" said the Doctor, sitting down on an overturned pail. "Didn't you have any breakfast this morning?"

"No, nor no supper last night." His regretful sigh was cut short by a quick grin. "You see, I took a dive in the river, an' the guys ate up all the grub before I got back. There ain't been much lately, anyway. Gee! What kind of town do you call this, anyhow? Ain't there anybody here but babies an' old men?"

"I guess you've struck it about right, Sonny." The boy rolled over and stared frankly at the Doctor.

"You ain't old!" he said, and laughed heartily at the Doctor's quick smile.

"How long have you been with the circus?"

"I've always been Circus Johnny, but I ain't been long with this company. I travel around, I do. When I get tired of one gang, I go an' jine another one!" and he sat up with an air of great independence.

"How should you like to come and live with me a while,—take care of my horse and do my chores? You could have all you want to eat, and my wife's a mighty

fine cook. You wouldn't have to stay any longer than you wanted to, you know. When you got tired of the gang, you could try another!"

The boy jumped up. "Sure, I will," he cried, and stretched out a grimy hand to the Doctor.

As they approached the smooth lawn and the neat white house where his wife was awaiting him, the Doctor felt some qualms.

"Sonny," he said, "you can begin by unhitching Toby. When you've finished, come to the kitchen and we'll get you washed up."

"Mattie," he called, as he went into the house, "I've got a chore boy!"

"Where on earth did you find him?"

"At the circus."

"The circus! Richard, are you crazy?"

"No, my dear. He's a very nice lad. Wait till you see him. He's rather dirty, of course, but that can soon be remedied. And, Mattie, he is frightfully hungry. He didn't have any breakfast this morning, or any supper last night!"

"Poor boy! Do you suppose he likes Washington pie? William used to love it." And the plump little lady hurried away to the pantry.

The doctor smiled with satisfaction. The minute Johnny entered the kitchen he was hurried to the sink and presented with a tin basin of water and a cake of soap.

"There you are, Sonny. Scrub yourself off before mother comes out of the pantry. She doesn't like dirt, you know, but she does like boys."

Johnny, lifting a wet, shining face from the basin, grinned cheerily at the Doctor, who patted the streaming wet locks into some semblance of order.

"There, you look as meek as a parson. Mattie, here's Johnny, our new chore-boy."

Mrs. Sawyer, coming out of the pantry, looked the boy over swiftly, beginning with his dusty shoes and bagging trousers, and ending with his shining, expectant face and twinkling eyes. The critical look gave place to a kindly smile.

"I hope you like Washington pie, Johnny. You'd better dust your shoes off before we go into the dining-room."

Johnny, neatly brushed, sat silent throughout the meal. His sense of constraint did not prevent his eating ravenously, but he could not bring himself to talk. Mrs. Sawyer said little, except to ask him to have something more. The Doctor racked his brains for some topic of conversation, and the boy met his attempts with an appreciative twinkle and a quick grin, but made no replies. He looked around curiously at the pleasant room, the gleaming silver on the old mahogany sideboard, and the flowering plants at the windows.

That afternoon the boy was kept busy mowing the lawn; at supper time he seemed more at ease.

"Do you like bread and milk, Johnny?" asked Mrs. Sawyer.

"Yes'm," with a grin, "I like anything to eat!"

"Mattie, let's have him eat it from William's old silver porringer. It ought to be used again." The Doctor rose and took from the china-closet shelf a battered silver bowl. His wife filled it with milk, and Johnny received it with a look of awe.

Promptly at half-past nine Doctor Sawyer took the boy up to his little attic room and bade him good-night. Pausing, lamp in hand, at the head of the stairs, he saw the boy standing a-tip-toe at the high window, gazing at the branches of the big pine outside.

The old man lay awake for some time, thinking over the events of the day and chuckling at the thought of Johnny. He was just congratulating himself on the prospect of having some young life about the place again, when he was startled by a queer, sliding noise, and the sound of something dropping to the ground outside his window. He got up quietly and looked out. The moon-silvered stretch of lawn was splashed with dark tree shadows; far off, at the edge of the lawn, something white was whirling about in circles,—flashing in the moonlight, melting in the shadows.

"What on earth," muttered the Doctor, under his breath. The white thing came nearer, jumping, waving, running. It dodged into the strip of moonlight just below the window, and the Doctor caught the flash of bare feet waving in the air. With a flutter of white garments, the feet went down and up bobbed a dark head.

"Well, I'll be jiggered, if it isn't Johnny!" chuckled the Doctor. "He must have climbed down by the pine-tree. Bless me!

didn't the boy get enough exercise to-day?" He took a last look at the white-clad figure, now turning back-somersaults, then, with a puzzled shake of the head, he went back to bed.

The next morning the boy, arrayed in a pair of the absent William's overalls, was kept busy weeding the garden beds. Mrs. Sawyer made frequent trips from the kitchen to the back piazza, that she might see him at his work.

"I do declare, Richard," she said, when the Doctor came in from his morning calls, "that boy looks quite handsome now that he's cleaned up, and he is such a pleasant-spoken lad, isn't he?"

"Yes," said the Doctor, "he's a fine little fellow, and will be a great comfort to us, now that we are all alone. Good gracious, Mattie, what's the matter with Winkie? Look at him!"

The fat gray cat was sitting in the middle of the floor, looking at Mrs. Sawyer with round, reproachful green eyes.

"Why, the poor thing," she exclaimed, "I didn't give him any breakfast this morning! I never forgot it before." She hurried away to the pantry, and Winkie trotted after her, his tail expectantly erect.

But his troubles were not over for that day. Mrs. Sawyer, coming down from her after-dinner nap, heard a loud, distressed mewing on the back porch. Hastening to the rescue she found Winkie struggling desperately in Johnny's arms.

"Boy, boy, what are you doing to Winkie!" she exclaimed.

Johnny set the cat down quickly. "I was just trying to make him jump over my hands," he exclaimed, "but he wouldn't do it. He won't roll over, either, or even chase a string. What's the matter with him. Why won't he play?"

"Why, you mustn't expect him to play like a kitten. He's too old," said Mrs. Sawyer, soothing the ruffled Winkie and rubbing him gently under the chin. Johnny said nothing, but went out to play mumblety-peg on the lawn.

Later in the afternoon the Doctor drove to a distant farm house and left the boy to hold the horse, while he made a call. When he came out there was no sign of Johnny. He looked anxiously up and down the road; soon he saw a cloud of dust, rising at some distance, and rapidly drawing nearer. With a shout and a merry laugh, Johnny drew up before the astonished Doctor.

"I've been playing I was back with the circus!" he cried. "There's a fine place to drive like a merry-go-round, up the road there!"

"Sonny, Sonny," remonstrated the Doctor, looking anxiously at the reeking, panting horse, "you mustn't play such tricks with Toby. He's getting old, you know, and he can't stand it."

"But lots of the circus horses are old."

"I know, but they are used to such treatment. Toby, you see, has to save all his strength to take me around on my calls every day."

The boy looked crestfallen. They drove home in silence, Toby's wet sides heaving spasmodically.

The next day was Sunday. Doctor Sawyer came down in his long-tailed Sunday coat, and under his wife's direction, spent at least five minutes brushing his high silk hat. This process was evidently very interesting to Johnny, who gazed with open admiration at the Doctor, when he clapped the shining hat on his white hair and bowed gaily to his wife. She helped Johnny part his hair straight, brushed him very thoroughly, then tied on her bonnet, and announced that they were ready to go to church. The Doctor, feeling some misgivings as to the outcome of this experiment, insisted on sitting next to Johnny. He had had visions of the boy turning hand-springs down the aisle, but his fears appeared quite groundless. Perhaps the activity of the Episcopal service helped to hold the boy's restlessness in check.

After dinner Mrs. Sawyer retired for her customary nap. The Doctor settled down with book and cigar in a shady corner of the piazza, and quite forgot about the small boy sitting quietly on the steps. It was a hot day, the Doctor had almost dozed off, when someone touched him on the knee. He started up, the cigar fell to the floor, and he saw Johnny standing before him, his hands clenched, his eyes wide and appealing.

"Oh, say," he pleaded, "I got t' do something quick, or I'll bust!"

"You poor shaver!" exclaimed the Doctor, "I went to sleep and forgot you, didn't I? Well, now, what shall we do?"

"I don't know," said Johnny solemnly, "what is there to do?"

"Well, if we went out into the back yard and kept very quiet about it, we might try our hand at baseball. How does that strike you?"

"All right."

They hunted up an old ball and retired to the seclusion of the back yard, where the Doctor, with not a few inward groans, renewed his youth and chased hilariously after balls which he could not seem to catch.

That evening Mrs. Sawyer, just to give the boy something to do, asked him to set the table for supper. All went well until it came to putting on the plates. Mrs. Sawyer was then in the kitchen, and the lad could not resist a little juggling. Johnny was a good juggler, and the accident would never have happened, had not Mrs. Sawyer appeared suddenly at the dining-room door. Her look of horror was too much for him, and the plates crashed to the floor. Covered with confusion, he knelt to pick up the fragments.

"I'm that sorry!" he exclaimed, looking up with quick tears standing in his blue eyes.

"So am I," said Mrs. Sawyer simply. "They were my grandmother's. But never mind, Johnny, I have other plates, and we will have supper now."

That night the Doctor lay awake for some time, full of aches and pains, as the result of his baseball practice. Before long he heard a sliding sound in the pine tree, and a light thud on the lawn. Remembering the white flitting figure he had seen that other night, he did not bother to get up, but turned over, wondering how the boy could want any more exercise, and went to sleep.

He slept over the next morning and was late to breakfast.

"Where's Johnny?" he asked, when he came down and saw the silver porringer still empty at the boy's place.

"He hasn't come down," said his wife. "I guess he must have slept over, too. You'd better go and call him, Richard."

He was gone for some time. When he came back his face was troubled. "Look here, Mattie," he said slowly, handing her a scrap of paper, "read that."

"You've been awful good to me,"—she could hardly decipher the scrawl. "I'm sorry I smashed the plates. You see, you're good an' the whole town's good, an' I guess I wasn't made to be good. I'm goin' back to the gang. Thank you both. I hope I didn't hurt the cat an' horse.

"Circus Johnny."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Sawyer. "Has he really gone?"

The Doctor nodded.

"Well, I do think that's kind of ungrateful, to go off in the night like that, after we'd treated him like our own son!"

"No, my dear," said the Doctor slowly, "we mustn't blame the boy. It's dull here, and—" with a wry little smile, "the cat's old and the horse is old,—and we're old, Mattie! I see it now. And he's young. It's no use fretting about this, it's only human nature."

With a sigh he took the silver porringer from the table and set it back on the shelf. His wife looked at him wistfully, patted his hand gently, and then went out in the kitchen to feed the cat.

MARJORIE R. PECK, 1914.

"THE DINKY BIRD."

(The picture by Maxfield Parrish.)

HE swings as though to swing were what he had come into being for, to swing forever and forever, dipping through the blue air like a diver through the water, to feel the rushing wind upon his warm, firm body, to drink in the air and sunlight until his heart should fairly burst with happiness. I fancy he sees a bird away up in the pine, and he feels such joyous kinship that he tips back his black, tousled head and laughs aloud in sheer ecstasy. I can hear the liquid, catching ripple of his voice melting through the air.

What is he, the Dinky Bird? Where did he come from? Why, I think he never was born; he was simply called into existence by the need of some visible expression of joy. He has no soul—just the capacity for keen, exquisite, boundless delight in the sensations of his body, a delight that surges through every fibre of him, from his head to his toes, and fairly sets him wild. He is not so much flesh and blood as a being kin to the very elements, to fire, to water, to sunlight, to the little wispy, filmy clouds that fleck the sky. He never will have a soul. To the end of time he will swoop, and poise, and swoop again, arms taut, body stretched, head thrown back, eyes gazing far into the depths above him, and his whole being abandoned to the mad joy of swinging.

CHARLOTTE MARY CONOVER, 1914.

Look at me;
Trustful, let us look and read.
It is very true indeed
That our eyes know more than we;—
For I now can see
All your young heart's braveries,
All your pledge to the rich years,—
And beneath,—so troubled, wild?
Ah, the tears!
You are lonely, lonely, Child.
Close your eyes.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

"Queen Guinevere."

TREE DAY.

Saturday, May 31st, dawned bright and clear, to the delight of all those who had been waiting eagerly for Tree Day. In spite of a slight shower at noon, the sun was shining brightly at three o'clock, when the pageant began.

The myth of Tree Day, this year, carried us all back to the days of King Arthur's court, and we found ourselves among the crowd of courtiers attending the arrival of their royal highnesses.

From each side of the green appeared a long line of the subjects of the king and queen. Each line was headed by a group of Seniors in cap and gown. After them came the Juniors in white dresses of the style of Arthur's court, with lavender girdles and veils. These were followed by the Sophomores, representing, in wonderfully rich colors, all the knights, squires, minstrels and jesters, of the court. After them came the girls of the Department of Physical Education, clad as archers, and finally the Freshmen, as damsels of the court, in quaint long dresses and tiny caps. The pageant colors shaded from a deep purple red out to a pale salmon pink, through all the intervening shades.

In the center of the green the two divisions of the pageant came to a standstill, face to face, forming a long line twelve deep, ready to hail the approach of the queen. As they stood there, silent, there appeared among the trees of the hill, a beautiful dancer, clad in rose color and behind her four dancers in white, with wreaths of rose buds. These were the Freshman mistress and her aides, who came dancing down the hill and passed between the waiting lines, scattering roses in the path of the approaching queen.

Then there appeared in the sunlight and shadow on the hill a lovely, shimmering figure, Queen Guinevere. She was clad from head to foot in white satin, with a train of a wonderful blue, and behind her came six ladies-in-waiting, dressed in the same beautiful blue.

Slowly they came down the hill and advanced past the lines of waiting subjects. As they passed all the courtiers hailed them in song with the words:

"Queen Guinevere, we hail thee, our loyal vows be heard. We serve by work and not by word."

When the queen and her aides had passed, the pageant closed in behind them, and followed the queen about the green until she was joined by King Arthur, who escorted her to the throne. Here the royal couple sat to watch the myth of Arthur's court danced out before them.

Before the dancing began, the guests of the day were welcomed by the Senior President, Mary Colt. Then followed the speech of the Senior orator, Helen Logan, who cleverly sketched the history of 1913, and added zest to the usual performance by several really good humorous touches. Then followed the giving and receiving of the spade, in the form of a mock interclass debate, and lastly the announcement by the Freshman orator of 1916's tree, flower and color.

After this part of the festival came the myth of "The Quest of Calidore" danced before the king and queen and their subjects. Nothing could have been more beautiful than the colors, some gay and some soft, of the dancers' costumes against the green of the grass and trees.

The myth was followed by the dancing of the story of "The Red Rose," the Freshman flower. By the water of Longfellow Pond the spirits of the Rose, Fauns, Dryads, Druids, Summer and Winter, danced and played as the sun went down behind the trees. When they had finished their play, they led the way to the new Freshman tree, where Wellesley's youngest class gathered to sing its song and cheer its new cheer, and declare its loyalty to its color, red, its flower, the red rose, and its tree, the red maple.

The Senior officers were as follows:

Queen Guinevere, Mistress of Ceremonies, Olive A. Tripp
King Arthur, Mary W. Humphrey
Senior Orator, Helen G. Logan
Aides, Doris M. Bickelhaupt, Beulah Hubbard, Abby Johnson, Bessie Manning, Ethel Nichols, Daphne Selden

Solo Dancers:
Blanchefleur, Helen M. Paul
Calidore, Alice M. Ross
His Mother, Carol S. Prentice
Morgan Le Fay, Ethel Ruth Smith
Leader of Elves, Edith Montgomery

The Freshman officers wre:
Mistress of Ceremonies, Priscilla Barrows
Freshman Orator, Katharine Wilson
Giver of the Spade, Justine de P. Adams, 1915
Receiver of the Spade, Miriam Vedder
Aides, Marion W. Metcalf, Marian A. Mitchell, Janet Rane, Helen Rawson, Dorothy Rundle, Pauline A. Shorey

Much credit is due to the vice-president of every class, and especially to Helen Brant and her efficient committee, for our beautiful Tree Day. We also extend our warmest thanks to Miss Fearson and Miss Hartwell, who gave their untiring work to the dancing.

THE QUEST OF CALIDORE.

Ere birds at matins in the dell
Greet with their choir the chapel bell
There comes through the deep forest straying
Calidore and his mother maying.
As lark that longs to soar on wing,
The youth's heart pricketh with the Spring;
When lo! half seen through beechen plot
Rideth a knight to Camelot.
Is he an angel burning bright
In glorious silver arms bedight?
The youth knows not, yet speechless zest
Grips at his heart to seek high quest.
Like dancing leaves, with revel gay,
Come elves to weave him in their play;
Yet still the call of chivalry
Draws him like bells across the lea.
His mother and his mates forgot
He wanders on toward Camelot.
Upon the mede the maids of court
Toss golden balls in gentle sport
Never hath Calidore yet seen
Such beauty in dreamland's demesne
As hath Blanchefleur, that fair white flower,
Fallen from heaven for an hour.
Love twines his heart, swift as the pace
Of mystic dance their light feet lace;
Yet see where wild-born spirits steal
And round the dancers wind a wheel
Of evil charms and magic deep
Till drop the maidens fast asleep,
While Morgan darteth swift as fire
To Calidore and by spells dire
Enchants him, too. Then far away
Flees with her troop that evil fay
Calidore wakes, hearing the bell,
And springs to break the maiden's spell.
Like flowers waking to the sun,
Their heads are lifted one by one,
And gaily then, released from danger,
To Arthur's court, they lead the stranger.
There before all with solemn rite
High Arthur maketh him a knight,
And Blanchefleur arms him courteously
With sword of truth, with purity
For shield, and last a mystic horn,
Clear inner voice to chide and warn;
But hark the bells: he must not rest,
Onward, still onward leads his quest
With far-fixed eyes to goals unwon
He rideth toward the setting sun.

Marie Collins, 1913.

THE RED ROSE.

Come to the land where fairies dance.
Ah, watch them lightly flit away,
Leaving deep in dreamy trance,
A Dryad, weary of her play!
Till a flaming Rose wakes her from rest
By scattering posies in her hair,
And yearning dawns in the Dryad's breast
To keep this Rose for a playmate fair.
Fauns and Dryads, Druids, too,
In search of the fleeing Rose she sends,
But all they find, the woodlands through,
Are Autumn and Winter, spirit friends.
Then sunshine brings in troops of Spring,
And from their midst the red Rose darts
To dance with the Dryad in fairy ring
And flood with joy the elfin hearts.

Marion Warner, 1916.

JUNIOR IVY PLANTING.

Quiet and unobtrusive as the Juniors always are on Tree Day, they yet have one custom all their own. Slipped in between the close of Tree Day and the beginning of Senior Serenade comes the Junior Ivy planting, by the chapel walls. The occasion was as good fun as ever this year and was well attended, both by 1914 and her younger sisters.

VOL. XXI JUNE 5, 1913 NO. 32

Board of Editors

Undergraduate Department

Lucile D. Woodling, 1914, *Editor-in-Chief*
Charlotte M. Conover, 1914, *Associate Editor*

MAGAZINE EDITORS.

Marjorie R. Peck, 1914 E. Eugenia Corwin, 1914

LITERARY EDITORS.

Charlotte C. Wyckoff, 1915 Dorothea B. Jones, 1915

REPORTERS.

Elizabeth Pilling, 1915 Gladys E. Cowles, 1915

Graduate Department

Bertha March, 1895, *Editor*
394 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass.

BUSINESS EDITORS.

Josephine Guion, 1913, *Manager*
Ellen Howard, 1914, *Assistant*
Laura Ellis, 1913, *Subscription Editor*
Bertha M. Beckford, *Advertising Manager*

PUBLISHED weekly during college year by a board of students of Wellesley College. Subscription, one dollar and fifty cents, in advance. Single copies, weekly number, ten cents; magazine number, fifteen cents. All business communications should be sent to "COLLEGE NEWS Office," Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass. Subscriptions should be sent to Miss Laura Ellis, Wellesley College. All Alumnæ news should be sent to Miss Bertha March, 394 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass.

EDITORIALS.

A UNITY OF INTERESTS.

The Academic and Non-Academic have been recently compared to two rival camps, constantly bickering with each other. The Academic sees only one side of college life—the Non-Academic, let it be asserted with equal truth, sees only the other side. In both these sides there is immense value. The one ought to supplement the other. Isn't it too bad that they must pose as in opposition? We say that the Faculty don't get our viewpoint, and some of us say it so frequently that the words slip out as smoothly as a familiar tune. Now we were recently wondering what "our" viewpoint is, in regard to the adjustment of the two interests. Isn't it often a view-point which is confined to not only the Non-Academic, but that little point in the Non-Academic which we especially wish to gain? Is it a view-point which sees things in perspective and gives them relative values? Or is it merely one which seizes on the interests of the moment and tries to have them made prominent? The question is one for whose answer we are deeply responsible.

When, in ordinary routine, some one does not see a thing our way, we neither beg, demand nor implore that they immediately shall—we explain our side, listen to theirs, and attempt a compromise. The new Conference Committee is going to undertake this mission. It is going to work for us, not in the spirit of "we'll get what we want," but rather "we'll find out what is fairest to both sides." In this spirit only can these changes be accomplished which are constructive and valuable.

As we stand back of the Conference Committee, it is our duty to support this spirit. It is the duty of each one of us to see the college in perspective and as a whole; to lay aside our pet schemes and hobbies and labor for the "chief good" of us all.

And finally, we shall discover this chief good, not in the victory of either one camp or the other, but in the declaration of a permanent truce. Then, and then only, can our human machinery improve with the least possible friction. For then our forces will be united in the common cause of making our college life a harmonious whole, rather than a set of differentiated parts.

LOWEST TERMS.

Perhaps that title is a slight exaggeration of what we want when we beg for a reduction in the number of interests that demand our attention. Yet something in the way of simplification seems very necessary.

A recent English theme voiced our sentiments when it made a significant, if somewhat radical, suggestion for combination among the many clubs which we have on our hands. Among its propositions was the merging of the Social Study Circle, the Club for the Study of Socialism, the Equal Suffrage League, and the Philosophy Club into one organization. We are doubtful about the Philosophy Club, but the other three may well bear consideration.

We cannot discuss such a project in detail,—that is for the thinking members of the college to do for themselves in our Free Press column,—but we can point out the meaning of this slowly increasing volume of protest. It certainly does mean something, and must be listened to by the wise among us who see in it the awakening of common-sense.

If you ever have time to sit down by yourself and exercise that not-overworked faculty of thinking which you possess, you must have won-

dered why we all have to do such an absurd number of things. It really is a funny sight, if we can only get an objective view of ourselves, to see with what a splendid fire of zeal we seize every new project for "rounding out" our college life. It seems as if, once we get started on the way towards giving vent to our surplus energy, we cannot stop ourselves. And so we go on from month to month, adding more and more to our program, until we catch ourselves saying, "All that I want is to get out of this college alive. I'll be lucky if I do that." And when matters get to that point, it is no wonder that some of us begin to whisper, "Let us simplify."

We are coming to appreciate the seriousness of this problem, and to realize the need of dealing with it in an intelligent way. Can you not make your own opinion count in a constructive way by expressing it through the Free Press?

COMMENCEMENT CALENDAR.

Friday, June 13, Stone Hall Cove, 7.30 P.M., Senior Play, or in case of bad weather, Musical Club's Concert.

Saturday, June 14, 3 P.M., Garden Party.
4.30 P.M., Senior Dancing.
7.30 P.M., Musical Club's Concert.

Sunday, June 15, Houghton Memorial Chapel, 11.00 A.M., Baccalaureate address by Dr. Raymond Calkins.
4.00 P.M., Choir concert.
7.00 P.M., Vesper service.

Monday, June 16, 7.15 P.M., Step Singing.
8.00 P.M., President's reception.

Tuesday, June 17, Houghton Memorial Chapel, 11.00 A.M., Commencement exercises. Address by Professor Bliss Perry.
Evening, Senior Class supper. Senior's serenade.

Wednesday, June 18, Alumnæ Day. 10.00 A.M., thirty-third annual meeting.

FREE PRESS.

I.

It is said that the people who do the most work talk the least. If the contrary were true the quantity of work done in Wellesley would scarcely be noticeable. When we have a final paper to write we tell all our friends and acquaintances about it several times a day. Now all our friends and acquaintances also have final papers of their own, and when they complain as much to us as we do to them there is little time left to work. But fortunately there are a few serene people who go calmly on their way, finish their papers in the proper season and so help in preserving quiet in the dormitories.

1915.

II.

This is the season of the year when advice is sprouting in the corridors and bursting into flower in editorials. "Let one serious purpose dominate your summer vacation!" cry our friends. "Remember your family, your friends, your community-at-large have not had the same intellectual advantages that you have. Make yourself a center of culture. Share your knowledge gladly and freely." May I offer a very humble word of suggestion? Not all knowledge comes from books. Not all wisdom is in college. Suppose we try holding our tongues meekly in assemblages at home, and seeing how much we ourselves can learn. Dispensers of intellectual benefits are not always appreciated. People do not always throng around self-appointed centers of culture. Fathers of prospective college girls are sometimes amused, sometimes disgusted at the pompous information of the Sophomore, or Junior, or Senior that is to be. And really and truly, I am soberly convinced that we ourselves, being maybe a bit out of the swing of things in the "wide, wide world," need to learn this summer all we possibly can from our families, our friends, our communities-at-large.

R. R. C., 1915.

III.

I wish to make one more appeal for chapel attendance. Lately, not only in the Freshman class, but in all the others, the attendance has fallen off disgracefully; while many of those who do come cause great disturbance by their late arrival. To be sure, we are all very busy now; but that is no excuse for staying away from chapel; and if we only formed the habit of going regularly, we should find ourselves greatly benefited and inspired by that short time of worship with our companions. I think we forget, that as members of Student Government we should hold ourselves pledged to keep up good chapel attendance; and surely, it is only respectful to Miss Pendleton and the others who lead, that we should do so. Therefore, during the short time that remains this year, let us all strive to go to chapel daily; and, moreover, not only to go, but to go on time.

1916.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION ELECTIONS.

President: Kathryn Schmidt, 1914.
Vice-president: Gertrude Folger, 1915.
Treasurer: Mary Paine, 1915.
Secretary: Emily Porter, 1916.
Custodian: Dorothy Case, 1916.

THE LAST BARN PLAY.

On the evenings of the 23d and 24th of May, the Barnswallows gave their last performance of the year. The play was Oscar Wilde's clever comedy, "The Importance of Being Earnest." The cast was as follows:

John Worthing.....Tracy L'Engle, 1915
Algernon Monerieff.....Marjorie Kendall, 1914
Reverend Canon Chasuble....Edna Swope, 1913
Lane.....Mary O'Mahoney, 1914
Merriman.....Ellen Andrews, 1916
Honorable Gwendolen Fairfax..Carolyn Mann, 1914
Cecily Cardew.....Bernice Barnett, 1915
Lady Bracknell.....Margaret Garside, 1915
Miss Prism.....Mildred Osborne, 1914

Committee: Sylvia Goulston, 1914, Chairman; Florence Carder, 1913, Helen Frank, 1913, Florence Thompson, 1914, Katherine Williamson, 1914, Eunice Wood, 1915, Caroline Miller, 1915, Dorothy Case, 1916, Helen Quinn, 1916, Dorothy Stiles, 1914, Coach.

The play was a happy choice for this time of the year. To be sure, it had no deep moral purpose; on the contrary, in spite of its highly serious title, it consisted entirely of clever and delightful nonsense, of increasingly amusing situations and of climaxes which called forth whole-hearted laughter and applause.

The parts were well taken. Marjorie Kendall, as the delightfully foolish Algernon, played her role with refreshing naturalness, and contrasted well with Tracy L'Engle, who, in the role of John Worthing, furnished the "earnest" element in the play. Perhaps the most finished acting and the best sustaining of a part, was to be found in the character of Lady Bracknell, played by Margaret Garside. The honorable Gwendolen Fairfax, a pretty and extremely aristocratic society girl, and Cecily Cardew, the charming young girl of the country manor, were well represented by Carolyn Mann and Bernice Barnett, though they did not, perhaps, win our sympathy so completely as the young men did. Miss Prism was as prim as a Miss Prism should be, the canon was effectively old-worldly and mild, and Lane and Merriman performed the traditional pompous servant parts with commendable gravity.

There were a few instances where lines were rather obviously forgotten or invented on the spur of the moment. The placing, when all the characters were on the stage, was something a little awkward; but that was largely the fault of the dimensions of our stage. On the whole, for a ten-rehearsal performance, it was very well done, and the coach, the cast, and the committee are to be congratulated and thanked for giving us an evening of good fun.

CREW COMPETITION.

The crew competition was held Thursday afternoon, May 29. The 1915 crew was awarded first place, 1913 second, 1914 third, and 1916 fourth. The 1915 second crew also won first place, with 1914 second, and 1916 third. A new time record was established for the course. The crews are as follows:

1913	1914
Bradley (Captain)	Balderston (Captain)
Cole	Frost
Curtis	Gilmore
Howarth	Given
Nichols	Kugler
Manning	Longaker
Perry	Ladd
Thom	MacDonald
Shauffler	Moffatt
Soule	Schwartz
Wilson	Schubert
Winslow	Shove
Coxswains	Coxswains
Ridgeway	Gorman
Wilbur	Grimes
1915	1916
Blackstone	Barnes
Busey	Barrows (Captain)
Crockett	Caten
Huggins	Deasy
Hunter	Loker
H. Jones	McCloskey
McMaster	Miller
Richardson	Pfeiffer
R. Stone	Ross
Sweet (Captain)	Rundle
C. Taylor	Torrence
Travers	Tyler

Capital, $50,000. Surplus and Undivided Profits (earned) $50,000

DEPOSITORS of the Wellesley National Bank

Are paid interest and no exchange is charged on collection of checks if the balance is over $300. A minimum balance of at least $25 is expected from all customers. Call for one of our railroad time cards.

Charles N. Taylor, President, Benjamin H. Sanborn, Vice-President, B. W. Guernsey, Cashier.

HOURS: 8 to 2. Saturday, 8 to 12 M. ADDITIONAL HOURS: Tuesdays and Fridays 3.30 to 5 P.M.

Coxswains	Coxswains
Joffrion	Haselmayer
Partridge	Lent

W's were awarded to: 1913, Bradley, Howarth, Nichols, Wilson, Winslow, Ridgeway; 1914, Frost, Gilmore, Schubert, Gorman; 1915, McMaster, Stone, Sweet, Travers.

The novice cup was awarded to Valeria Ladd, 1914.

In the other sports the novice cups were awarded as follows:

Hockey: Florence Doane, 1916.

Tennis: Helen Stanbery, 1914.

Golf: Dorothy Estes, 1916.

Running: Lucretia Traver, 1915. Honorable mention, Margery Baker, 1914.

Basket-ball: Margaret Ellis, 1915.

Archery: Florence Alexander, 1915.

CAMPUS NOTES.

Dr. Caroline Thompson, associate professor of Zoology, will spend the early part of the summer at the Marine Biological Laboratory at Wood's Hole, engaged on an experimental research problem that she intends to carry on later at the Zoological Station at Naples. In August, Dr. Thompson will sail for Europe and will occupy the Woman's Table at the Zoological Station at Naples during the months of September, October and November. In January, 1913, Dr. Thompson was elected Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

A SHAKESPEARE SYLLABUS.

Former members of the Shakespeare class will be glad to know that Professor Bates and Miss Lilla Weed have just published: "Shakespeare: Selective, Bibliography and Biographical Notes." This is an enlargement and revision of a section of English Drama: "A Working Basis," which is widely known and used by students of the drama. The new syllabus gives an ample bibliography, and contains a most suggestive and characteristically stimulating sketch of the life of the dramatist. Copies may be purchased at the office of the Department of English Literature.

COLLEGE SETTLEMENTS ELECTIONS.

President: Gretchen Wiss, 1915.

:: MACKINAWS ::

OUR MACKINAWS are the finest qualities: soft, pure, all wool—not heavy and bulky, but warm and comfortable. The patterns are many—bright plain colors and rich plaids

Perfect Fitting—Exclusive Styles

Short Coats for Golf and Skating
Long Ulsters for Motoring
Tailor Made Skirts to Measure
Hats and Skating Caps

WE WILL BE GLAD TO SEND SAMPLE COATS TO WELLESLEY STUDENTS ON APPROVAL

Mail orders or telephone requests will receive prompt attention. Send for illustrated booklet and samples

HENRY S. LOMBARD

22 to 26 Merchants' Row, Boston, Mass.

CUNARD

BOSTON

Queenstown, Liverpool, London

Franconia - June 10
Laconia - - June 24
Franconia - July 8
Laconia - - July 22
Franconia - - Aug. 5
and fortnightly

Franconia and Laconia

18150 Tons, the Largest Steamers from Boston

New York, Fishguard, Liverpool
Calling at Queenstown

Carmania - May 31
Caronia - June 7

New York, Mediterranean

Saxonia - - June 12
Pannonia - - June 24

For Booklets, Rates, Etc., apply to
P. N. EVERETT, Manson Bldg., So. Framingham
or to
126 State Street, Boston.

"TOGGERY SHOP" - - - Taylor Block

Gowns for every occasion. Afternoon and evening gowns of the latest Parisian adaptations. Dancing frocks and novelties in summer dresses. Exquisite lingerie effects, linens, cotton crepes and other seasonable fabrics. Latest fancies in dainty neckwear and boutonnieres.

ANNA I. WHALEN, - - - - - - Wellesley.

APPOINTMENTS FOR 1913-14 FROM THE CLASS OF 1913 HYGIENE AND PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

Rhoda Baxter, State Normal College, Greensboro, N. C.

Celia Carroll, Public Schools, East Orange, N. J.

Florence Lawson, Rockford College, Rockford, Ill.

Elfleda Maine, Public Schools, Englewood, N. J.

Lena Niles, State Normal School, Charleston, Ill.

Isabel Noble, Kent Place School, Summit, N. J.

Juliaette Townsend, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SOCIAL STUDY CIRCLE.

The Social Study Circle, in view of the multiplication of the agencies in the college which in one way or another deal with social questions, proposes no series of meetings for the coming year.

In order, however, not to let the Circle lapse entirely until it shall be more definitely shown that it is no longer called for, a voluntary Committee, consisting of Miss Scudder, Miss Balch and Jean Christie (1915) will care for the lending library, the bulletin board and any suggestions for possible service that may happen to occur in the course of the year.

Will all those who have borrowed books kindly return them before the close of the year to the Social Study Library shelf?

SOCIETY ALPHA KAPPA CHI.

Society Alpha Kappa had its birthday party and program meeting on Saturday, May 17th. In the afternoon Euripides' "Iphigeneia in Aulis" (Arthur S. Way's English translation) was presented in back of the society house with the following cast of characters:

Agamemnon.....Hazel Cooper
Menelaus.....Emma Seifried
Iphigeneia.....Dorothy Dennis
Clytemnestra.....Emma Hunt
Achilles.....Madelyn Worth
Chorus.....Helen Besler
Henchmen, attendants, etc.

In the evening a social time was enjoyed by all. Many Alumnæ members were here for the festivities.

SCRIBBLERS.

The last meeting of the "Scribblers" was held at the home of Dr. Lockwood, on Friday evening, May 23. The meeting was preceded by an informal picnic supper, after which the following elections took place. Head: E. Eugenia Corwin, 1914; new members: Marjorie R. Peck, 1914; Rachel Davis, 1915.

Wax Brothers
FLORISTS
143 Tremont Street, Boston.
Opposite Temple Place Subway Station.
CHOICE ROSES, VIOLETS AND ORCHIDS
Constantly on hand.
Mail and Telephone Orders Promptly Filled.
Telephones Oxford 574 and 22167.
FREE DELIVERY TO WELLESLEY.

THE SAMPLE SHOE SHOP COMPANY
496 Washington Street, Corner Bedford

Over Riker-Jaynes.
Take Elevator.
We show only the latest styles of Ladies' Footwear.
Why pay $3.50 to $5.00 to exclusive shoe dealers for your Boots, Oxfords and dress Slippers when we sell the same styles for
$2, $2.50 and $3
Ask for our coupon book, and get your next pair of shoes
FREE

PARLIAMENT OF FOOLS.

I.

THE FIRE SIGNAL.

It is coming, that fifth repeat!
Were the bell of putty and lead,
My heart would hear it and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear it and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead,
Would start and tremble under the sheet,
And blossom in purple and red.

(With apologies to the author of "Maud.")

II.

THE SPIDER AND ME.

A spider came out of a crack in the rock,
And he sat in the sun, in the sun;
And I said, "Little spider, if I blow upon you,
I suppose you would run, you would run!"

I looked at the spider asprawl on the rock,
And I looked at the sea, at the sea,
And I said, "There's not much difference, after all,
Between you and me, you and me.

"I could scrunch you into a quivery ball,
And you could bite me, could bite me,
But I guess I'm not much bigger after all,
Now I've looked at the sea, at the sea!"

RUTH R. COLEMAN, 1915.

III.

GRISELDA OF THE POST-IMPRESSIONISTS.

Wooden was her face, and her heart as stone, yet her soul quivered in rebellion. To sacrifice her children to his jealous rage had not been hard, but now! For a moment her throbbing pulses echoed the clock-beat, then swung into time with the Electra music. She choked, she gagged. Then she turned and faced him, fury resplendent, clutching her hair with her hands. In a magnificent burst of self-assertion she answered that complacent egoist who towered before her.

"Apocalyptic!" she cried.

"Apocalyptic?" he queried, as one in a daze.

"Apocalyptic," she answered solemnly.

(Throb, throb, O my heart, and be ye filled with tears, O my eyes, for in that moment were settled more world-problems than ever I dare utter.)

RUTH R. COLEMAN, 1915.

IV.

A BONNET.

A bonnet is made of a rose and a sailing bow,
And a loop of wire and a twist of rippling braid,—
With a round little crown and a trim little brim
below
A bonnet is made.

Ribbons of russet, scarlet, apricot shade,
Flashing and bobbing, down to the train they go,
With Esther and Mary and Edith and Adelaide.

JOHN A. MORGAN & CO.
Established 1901
Pharmacists, ✣ ✣ ✣ Shattuck Bldg., Wellesley
Prescriptions compounded accurately with purest drugs and chemicals obtainable
Complete Line of High Grade Stationery and Sundries
WATERMAN IDEAL FOUNTAIN PEN
Candies from Page & Shaw, Huyler, Quality, Lowney, Lindt, Park & Tilford
Eastman Kodaks and Camera Supplies. Visit our Soda Fountain
Pure Fruit Syrups. Fresh Fruit in Season. Ice-Cream from C. M. McKechnie & Co.

LOWNEY'S Chocolate Bonbons

ON SALE AT

Morgan's Pharmacy, Clement's Pharmacy, WELLESLEY

OUR FOOTWEAR

THE ACKNOWLEDGED STANDARD.

Priced from

$4.50

upward.

THAYER McNEIL COMPANY

47 Temple Place 15 West Street

PARLIAMENT OF FOOLS--Continued.

Who could frown as the pert wee featherettes blow,
With their marvelous quirks, their colors so far from staid?
Merely to flaunt or startle or tease you so,
A bonnet is made.

Slogan for 1913.—Educated, by gosh!

MY CANDLE.

My memory book holds nothing half so fair;
I would not change thee for a taper tall,
Or bull's-eye lantern, fairest of them all,
My little candle of a fame so rare!

With thee I walked the Campus round one night,
Holding thy tiny flame up loyally
The while thou didst drip hottest wax on me,
And I was clad in sheet of ghostly white.

The rabble crowded close—we chanted slow,
And cheers and groanings mixed rose thro' the night,
While thou, still burning with a ghastly light
Showed the dark way whereon my feet must go.

Now all is over. Washed is the sheet
In which I promenaded solemnly
And chanted the slow Dirge so dolefully
But thou, oh Candle, seemest ever sweet.

NEW SONG BOOK.

The Department of Music has in the press a small book of "Wellesley Music" which is to include the competition songs of this year, previous competition songs not yet published and a few other pieces by Wellesley students. It is hoped to gather up in this way some things that ought not to be lost. The price of the book will not exceed fifty cents. Advance orders may be left at the College Book Store and with any member of the Department of Music.

If any profits accrue from the sale, they are to be given to the Students' Building Fund.

SENIOR SERENADE.

One of the most picturesque of Wellesley customs is that of the Seniors serenading the college on the evening following Tree Day. Marching first to the village and then around campus they sing their farewell song to Alma Mater. It is always a sight which causes us a few pangs of regret, as we watch them pass in cap and gown, with lanterns held high to the familiar tune:

"Seniors marching cheerily
We sing with sincerity,
With hearts that are glad and free."

This year the new songs were unusually good and some original music added much to their charm. The girls kept together very well, both in singing and marching.

And if it seems strange to 1913 to think that next year the college will go on just the same without their presence, let them comfort themselves with thinking what a fine last impression they have left.

Hayden's Jewelry Store,

WELLESLEY SQUARE.

Solid Gold and Silver Novelties, Desk Sets and Fountain Pens, College and Society Emblems made to order. Watch and Jewelry Repairing, Oculists' Prescriptions Filled, Mountings Repaired and Lenses Replaced.

:: :: FREE. :: ::

If your skin and hair are not in perfect condition consult Mrs. A. J. MacHale, 420 Boylston St., Boston, Mass., personally or by mail. Advice will be cheerfully given free of charge. Mrs. MacHale's guaranteed toilet articles now for sale in

E. A. DAVIS & CO.'S

Gift Shop and Dry Goods Store.

Call for free booklet. WELLESLEY, MASS.

Thresher Bros.

The Specialty Silk Store

DIRECTS ATTENTION

to their exclusive showing of new models, designs and colors in silks, crepe charmeuse, meteors, chiffons, marquisette, spool silk, silk ribbons, silk waists, silk petticoats, silk kimonos, broadcloths and woolen dress goods.

THRESHER BUILDING,

46 TEMPLE PLACE - - - - BOSTON, MASS.

(Take Elevator)

Philadelphia Store, 1322 Chestnut Street.

"COLUMBIA"

Ladies' Gymnasium Suits

The Apparel of Excellence

Hygienically Made.

A Deserving National Favorite.

MADE UNDER CLEAN AND HEALTHFUL CONDITIONS — OFFICIAL LABEL — NATIONAL CONSUMERS LEAGUE — REGISTERED NOV. 11 1898 — USE OF LABEL AUTHORIZED AFTER INVESTIGATION — LICENSE NO. 58

Columbia Gymnasium Suit Co.,

ACTUAL MAKERS.

BOSTON, MASS.

"IT IS DELICIOUS"

Registered, U. S. Pat. Off.

Baker's Caracas Sweet Chocolate

Just the right combination of high grade cocoa, sugar and vanilla to please the taste

MADE ONLY BY

Walter Baker & Co. Limited

Established 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.

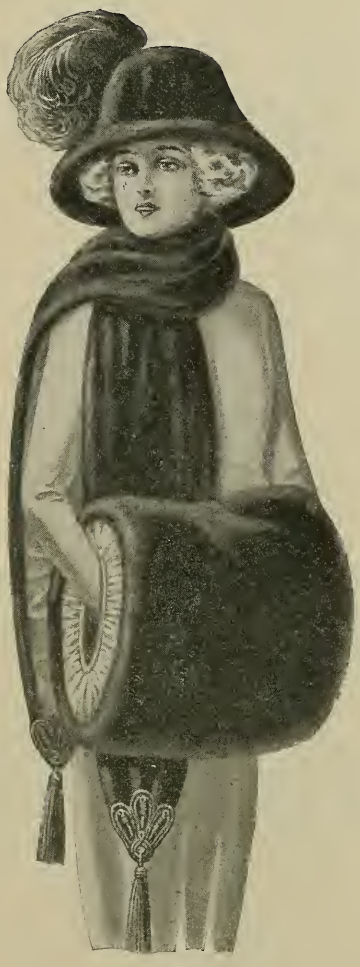
Whitman's

Gifts for Graduates

Among these elegant selected packages of sweets, you will find that any one will be prized for its beauty and relished for its goodness. *Pink of Perfection* (chocolates or confections) is a special favorite at graduating.

Local Agency:

John Morgan & Co., Wellesley, Mass.



FURS AND HATS

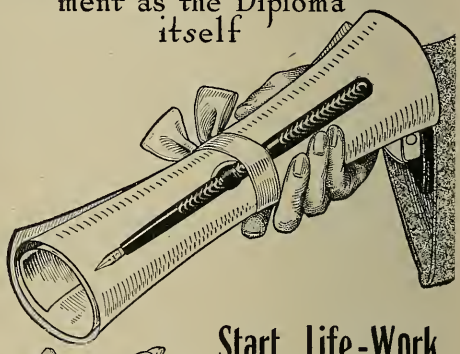
Lamson & Hubbard,

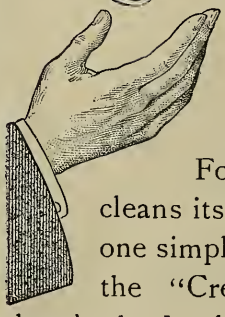
92 Bedford Street,

BOSTON.

Conklin's
Self-Filling
Fountain Pen

As much a part of Commencement as the Diploma itself





Start Life-Work Rightly Equipped

Conklin's Self-filling Fountain Pen fills and cleans itself in four seconds by one simple thumb-pressure on the "Crescent-Filler." And there's absolutely no danger of an ink-stain, for only the gold pen touches the ink.

Short screw-cap styles are designed especially for women. They can be carried in the purse in a horizontal position with perfect safety.

Beautiful gold and silver mounted holders, from half-inch bands to solid covering, make unusually attractive and useful graduation gifts.

All Styles and Sizes at

The Wellesley College Book Store,

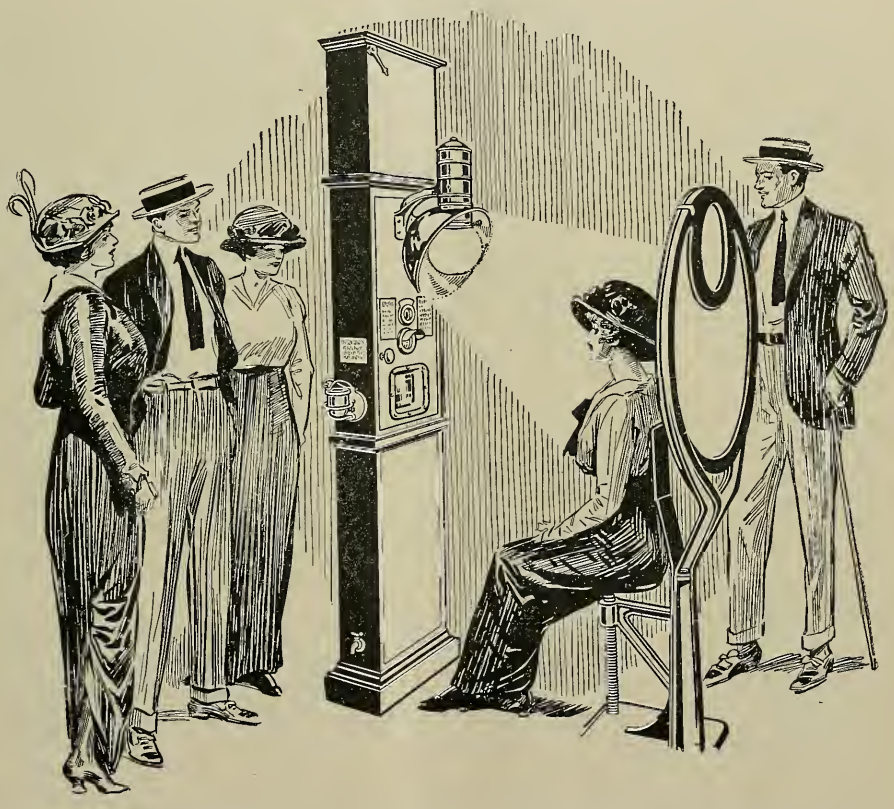
THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.

To Self-Supporting Students!

INVESTIGATE

THE PHOTO-MACHINE

A Dime---A Minute---A Picture



Money making opportunity for student workers at summer resorts or in the home town during vacation or at college during term time.

Price of Machine with 2,500 Plates, $250.00

EASY PAYMENTS

PHOTO-MACHINE COMPANY, INC.,

30 EAST 23rd STREET, NEW YORK

M. G. SLATTERY
Theatrical Wigs and Make-ups
FOR ALL STAGE PRODUCTIONS
226 Tremont St. (Opp. Majestic Theater) **Boston**
COMPETENT MAKE-UP ARTISTS FURNISHED TEL. OXFORD 2382-J

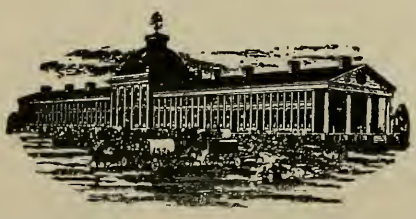
Lunch at THE CONSIGNORS' UNION, 25 Temple Place. Lunch, 11 to 3. Afternoon Tea, 3 to 5. Home-made Bread, Cake, Pies, etc., Served and on Sale.

H. L. FLAGG CO. Newsdealers and Stationers. Boston Safety and Moore Non-Leakable Fountain Pens. Agents for Wright & Ditson's Athletic Goods and Sweaters.

JAMES KORNTVED, Shaw Block, Wellesley Sq. Ladies' and Gents' Custom Tailor. Special Attention Paid to Pressing and Cleaning.

MR. ALBERT M. KANRICH, Violinist and Musical Director, 214 Boylston Street, Boston. Telephone Connection. Excellent Musicians, Orchestrations and Band Arrangements.

"Be a Progressive." "Favor Reciprocity."
Patronize the studio in the town where you enjoy your privileges. Our prices and quality of work will meet with your approbation. Simply give us a chance to show you. Newly furnished studio.
Nichols Studio and Frame Shop
559 Washington Street



Fruits, Vegetables, and Hothouse Products
Special Attention Given Hotel, Club and Family Orders
ISAAC LOCKE CO. 97-99-101 FANEUIL HALL MARKET

OLD NATICK INN, South Natick, Mass. One mile from Wellesley College. Breakfast, 8 to 9, Dinner, 1 to 2, Supper, 6.30 to 7.30. Tea-room open from 3 to 6. Special Attention given to Week-End Parties. Tel. Natick 8212. Miss Harris, Mgr.

THE WALNUT HILL SCHOOL, Natick, Mass. A College Preparatory School for Girls. Miss Conant and Miss Bigelow, Principals.

TAILBY, THE WELLESLEY FLORIST, J. Tailby & Sons, Prop., Wellesley, Mass. Office, 555 Washington St. Tel. 44-2. **Conservatories,** 103 Linden St. Tel. 44-1. Orders by Mail or Otherwise are Given Prompt Attention.

WELLESLEY FRUIT CO. Carries a full line of choice Fruit, Confectionery and other goods, Fancy Crackers, Pistachio Nuts and all kinds of Salted Nuts, Olive Oil and Olives of all kinds. Middlesex Fruit Co., Natick, Mass. Tel. 138W.

THE OLYMPIAN HOME-MADE CANDY CO. 551 Washington Street, Wellesley, Mass. Ice-cream and Confectionery Made Fresh every day. Cream Caramels, Peppermints and Marshmallows a Specialty.

B. L. KART, Ladies' Tailor, 543 Washington St., Wellesley Sq. Garments cleansed, pressed and repaired. Altering Ladies' Suits a specialty. Opposite Post-Office. Telephone, Wellesley 217-R.

Every Requisite for a
:: :: Dainty Lunch :: ::
—at—
Cobb, Bates & Yerxa Co.,
55 to 61 Summer St.
Only One Block from Washington Street.

A. E. Covelle & Co.,

Prescription Opticians

Special attention to the filling of Oculists' Prescriptions

350 Boylston Street, Boston

Cameras and Supplies, Developing, Printing and Enlarging. . .

Ask to see OUR OLD COMFORT Eye-Glass. The most Comfortable Eye-Glass in the world.

PRISCILLA'S MINUET DUTCH CHOCOLATE

MAKES THE BEST

WELLESLEY MARSHMALLOW FUDGE

WILLIAM M. FLANDERS CO.
SOLE PROPRIETORS
BOSTON, ... MASS.

For Sale at Morgan's Drug Store

:: :: THE :: ::

Walnut Hill School,

NATICK, MASS.

A College Preparatory School for Girls. . . .

MISS CONANT
MISS BIGELOW } Principals. . .

WELLESLEY INN

will serve

HOT WAFFLES

Every Afternoon from 3 to 5 O'clock :: ::

And other attractive specials during these hours.

MARCUS WARD'S

Royal Irish Linen

AND OTHER HIGH-CLASS

WRITING PAPERS

For Half a Century Marcus Ward's Papers have Represented the HIGHEST STANDARD of EXCELLENCE in Paper Making.

A Full Assortment of these Beautiful Papers For Sale at the

COLLEGE BOOK STORE

Marcus Ward Company,

Belfast, Ireland New York, U. S. A.

C. M. McKechnie & Co.

CATERERS

ICE-CREAM, SHERBET, FRAPPE
LEMONADE, CAKES, ROLLS

Furnished in Any Quantity
Quality Guaranteed

No. 10 Main St., Natick, Mass.

Please Mention the Wellesley College News.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY AND GUIDE TO ADVERTISERS.

Please try to remember that the Advertising Section of our Magazine cannot be a success unless you patronize the firms represented therein.

APPOINTMENT BUREAU.

Women's Educational and Industrial Union....iii

ATHLETIC SUPPLIES.

H. L. Flagg.....x

BANK.

Wellesley National Bank.....32

CATERER.

C. M. McKechnie & Co.....xi

CHOCOLATE—COCOA.

Walter Baker & Company, Ltd.....vii

CONFECTIONERY, COLLEGE ICES, ETC.

Huyler's, Boston.....2nd cover
Lowney, Boston.....36
Whitman.....vii

DENTISTS.

Dr. Fuller.....xiii

DRUGGIST.

J. A. Morgan & Co.....35

FLORISTS.

Tailby.....x
Wax Bros.....34

FOUNTAIN PENS.

Moore's Non-Leak Fountain Pen.....ii
Conklin's Self-Filler.....viii

FURS.

Edward F. Kakas & Sons, Boston.....v
Lamson & Hubbard, Boston.....viii

GROCERIES, FRUIT, ETC.

Wellesley Fruit Co.....x
William M. Flanders Co.....xi
Genesee Pure Food Co., Le Roy, N. Y.....xiv

GYMNASIUM SUITS.

Columbia Gymnasium Suit Co.....vii

HAIR DRESSING.

Miss Irene Blissard.....xiii
Miss Ruth Hodgkins.....iv

JEWELERS.

A Stowell & Co., Boston.....2nd cover
Bailey, Banks & Biddle Co.....iii
Hayden, Wellesley.....36
Long.....xiii
Shreve, Crump & Low, Boston.....vi
Tiffany & Co., New York.....i

LUNCHEON, TEAS, ETC.

Consignors' Union.....x
Old Natick Inn.....x
Wellesley Inn.....xi

MILLINERY.

Christie, Boston.....v
Clapp.....xiii

MUSIC.

Oliver Ditson Company.....2nd cover

OPTICIANS AND OPTICAL SUPPLIES.

A. E. Covelle & Co., Boston.....xi

ORIENTAL STORE.

Vantine, Boston, New York.....xiii

PIANOS.

Chickering & Sons.....3rd cover

SCHOOLS.

Abbot Academy.....iii
Walnut Hill School.....xi

SHOES.

Moseley Co., Boston.....vi
Sorosis Shoe Co., Boston.....iv
Thayer, McNeil & Hodgkins, Boston.....36
Sample Shoe Shop Co.....34

STATIONERY.

Marcus Ward Co.....xi
Samuel Ward.....iii

TAILORS.

B. L. Kart.....x

WEARING APPAREL.

Chandler & Co., Boston.....2nd cover
E. A. Davis.....36
Wm. Filene's Sons Co.....vi
L. P. Hollander & Co., Boston.....iv
C. F. Hovey & Co., Boston.....v
Henry S. Lombard.....33
Jordan Marsh Co., Boston.....ii
A. L. LaVers Co., Boston.....3rd cover
E. T. Slattery Co., Boston.....4th cover
Thresher Bros., Boston.....vii

Vantine's
The Oriental Store.

ANNOUNCE

The Arrival of a New Importation of

CANTON RATTAN FURNITURE

PRICES

$4.50 to $12.00

Booklet on Request

·A·A·VANTINE·&·CO·

New York 360-362 Boylston Street, Boston Philadelphia

DR. L. D. H. FULLER,

DENTIST

Next to Wellesley Inn. Telephone 145-2.

Hours: 8.30—5.30 Daily, Tuesdays excepted.

TO PEOPLE OF REFINED TASTES

but limited purses, our stock is peculiarly adapted. Thousands of the latest ideas,

$1.00 to $10.00

Long JEWELER

41 Summer St., Boston

J. L. CLAPP

Hats and Furs

54 Bromfield Street

BOSTON

Marinello Motor Cream

New, filling a practical and long-felt want, delightfully perfumed, of just the right consistency.

Marinello Toilet Soap

No matter how rough the hands may be, a few days' use of this wonderful soap will put them in a good condition.

For Sale By

MISS I. BLISSARD,

Scalp Specialist. Wellesley, Mass.

Tel. 471-W

You May be Sure He Gets It.

"How about some Jell-O, my dear? You know I do not often suggest anything for the table, but so many of our friends are using Jell-O and I find I like it so well that I would really like to have some here at home."

This suggestion should be very welcome to any woman, for

JELL-O

costs only ten cents, doesn't have to be cooked, and everybody, saint and sinner, likes it.

A great variety of the most delicious desserts can be made of Jell-O by adding only hot water—nothing else.

Marion Harland, Mrs. Rorer, and all other Jell-O users, will tell you, "There never was anything like it."

There are seven delightful flavors of Jell-O: Strawberry, Raspberry, Orange, Lemon, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.

Each in a separate package, ***10 cents*** at any grocer's.

The beautiful recipe book, "DESSERTS OF THE WORLD," illustrated in ten colors and gold, will be sent to all who write and ask us for it.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.

The name JELL-O is on every package in big red letters. If it isn't there, it isn't JELL-O.

SPRING SEASON

Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen

A. L. LaVers Company

19 Boylston St., 34 Park Sq., Boston

New Spring Apparel

for

Women, Misses and Juniors

Our Millinery Especially Attractive

We Cater Especially to Wellesley Students

Chickering

Pianos

THE Justly Admitted Title to Supremacy, so long held by the Chickering Piano, is in evidence to-day more than ever before, for the present output of our house is superior to any we have heretofore produced in our Eighty-nine years of continuous business.

CHICKERING & SONS

Division American Piano Co.

PIANOFORTE MAKERS

Retail Wareroom

169 Tremont Street

Opposite the Common

Established 1823 Boston, Mass.

E. T. Slattery Co.

Opposite Boston Common

154-155-156-158 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON

New Model Sport Coats

The latest word for tennis, yachting, motor and golf

Sizes for women 34 to 42— for misses 14 to 20 years

Wool Eponge Sport Coat

Shown at left; of hand-woven wool eponge; silk lined throughout; Mandarin sleeves; breast patch pocket; self colored buttons; white, black, navy, taupe, Nell rose, hunter's green and leather. Value 25.00 . . . . . **19.75**

"Knito" Cloth Sport Coat

Shown at right; of imported "Knito" cloth, exclusive with the E. T. Slattery Company; convertible collar; patch pockets; wide detachable belt; in white, brown, Nell rose and leather. Value 25.00 . . . . . **19.75**